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PRINCE CHARLIE AND THE BORDERLAND

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BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.

Reproduced by gracious permission of His Majesty the King from the original painting by John Pettie, R.A., in Holyrood Palace.

PRINCE CHARLIE AND THE BORDERLAND

BY
DAVID JOHNSTONE BEATTIE
Author of 'Oor Gate-en'

CARLISLE
CHARLES THURNAM & SONS
1928

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
List of Illustrations	7
Acknowledgment	9
Foreword	11
The Prince lands in Scotland	13
The Entry into Edinburgh	23
The Highland Army marches south	33
Prince Charlie crosses the Border	44
The Highland Army near Carlisle	56
The Siege of Carlisle	76
The Prince enters Carlisle	96
The departure from Carlisle	109
Arrival at Kendal	122
Retreat from Derby	135
Re-entry into Carlisle	152
The Prince's farewell to Carlisle	156
The Retreat reaches Dumfries	164
The Royal Army besieges Carlisle	170
The Duke captures Carlisle	178
The Battle of Falkirk	191
Culloden	199
Prince Charles a fugitive	206
Trial and Execution of Rebels	211
Trial of 'Fergus MacIvor'	234
Carlisle after the 'Forty-five'	244
Appendix	253
Rebel Prisoners taken at the Capitulation of Carlisle	255
Jacobite Relics	263
Guns that fired on Prince Charlie	276
A Fragment	279
Genealogy of Prince Charles Edward Stuart	282
Index	285

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

		PAGE
Bonnie Prince Charlie (Holyrood Picture)		frontispiece
Traquair Gates and Auld Brig over the Jed	facing	28
Map of Carlisle and Neighbourhood	,,	46
Stonehouse	,,	50
Blackhall Farm	,,	54
Carlisle from Stanwix, in 1745	,,	60
Prince Charlie's House, Brampton	,,	68
View from Primrose Bank; Highmore House	,,	86
Prince Charlie in Carlisle	,,	102
Broadside	,,	104
Carlisle Town Hall in 1745	,,	108
The Skirmish at Clifton, Map	,,	144
The Esk at Longtown	,,	160
Carlisle Castle in 1745	,,	174
Old Carlisle: Irish Gate, Scotch Gate	,,	190
Carlisle Cathedral	,,	212
The Capon Tree	,,	230
Macdonald's Cell	,,	236
Inner Gate, Carlisle Castle	,,	248
Pistol and Sporran, &c.	,,	260
Snuff-box and Rapier	,,	264
Porringer	,,	266
Prince Charlie's Shield	,,	268
Siege Gun	,,	270
Bonnie Prince Charlie	,,	276

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'Kenilworth,'
Talbot Road, Carlisle.
June, 1928.

FOREWORD

This book, describing the tragic attempt of Prince Charles Edward to re-establish the Stuart dynasty in this kingdom, and more particularly telling the story of his doings in the Borderland, makes its appearance at a propitious moment, on the eve of the approaching Carlisle Historical Pageant. One of the most picturesque and romantic episodes on that occasion will provide a representation of Bonnie Prince Charlie receiving at the hands of the civic authorities the keys of the ancient stronghold which for many centuries had barred the advance of enemies from the north; of the proclamation of his father as King James III of England; and of the Young Chevalier's ultimate defeat and ignominious flight back to Scotland.

Mr. David Johnstone Beattie, the author of the book, is, as his name suggests, a Scottish Borderer in both lines of descent, and he has long been known as an ardent lover of everything associated with the historic lore and traditional legends of the district. This had for many years found expression in verse, both grave and gay, and his first appearance in book form took the shape of a volume entitled 'Oor Gate En',' consisting of poetry interspersed with a few prose pieces, mostly in his native Doric. The book had a great success, a large edition being soon exhausted. That it was deeply imbued with local patriotism is shown in the title, which can, perhaps, only be completely relished locally; but the uninitiated may guess at its significance if they think of the spot where each barnyard cock crows most crousely.

The volume now issued is the result of a dozen years' interest taken by Mr. Beattie in Prince Charlie's career, which pursuit gradually became an absorbing study. Every clue that presented itself was assiduously followed up, until a mass of information was collected, with a vague intention of some day putting it into book form, a purpose which might have been indefinitely delayed but for the

event of the Pageant, in connection with which Mr. Beattie has given valuable help, both as a lecturer and as secretary to the Lectures Committee.

The book itself is alike comprehensive and lucid, and will probably become a standard authority on those adventures of Prince Charles Edward with which it principally deals. Besides recounting his vicissitudes in the Borderland, however, it succinctly, but clearly, follows his career from the time when he left France and landed in Scotland, through his advance to the Border, his adventures there, and, later, his march to Derby, his flight northwards, and so on to the final catastrophe of Culloden, in which the Stuart hopes were for ever destroyed.

A valuable feature of the volume is the Appendix, which gives a list of rebel prisoners taken at the capitulation of Carlisle, and an account of their trials and ultimate fate; as also a description of various local Jacobite relics which are still in existence.

In keeping with the forthcoming Pageant of Carlisle's history, the final chapter of the book deals, in panoramic form, with the various episodes to be then depicted, and it will thus form a reliable record of what will be done on this memorable occasion. Thereafter, the growth of the city since the period of the 'Forty-five,' and the changes in its topography and its industrial and domestic life, with the accompanying social amenities, are graphically depicted, thus giving historians of the future a jumping-off place from which to begin their survey.

The author has been fortunate in procuring a number of valuable maps, plans, and pictures with which to enrich the volume, among the latter being a portrait of Bonnie Prince Charlie which is here reproduced from the original painting by John Pettie, R.A., in Holyrood Palace, by the gracious permission of His Majesty the King.

In wishing the volume a lasting success, I heartily congratulate Mr. Beattie on the perseverance and skill with which he has accomplished his task, and would express the hope that this book may have successors from the same source to amplify our knowledge of the romantic and picturesque incidents which cling round our beloved Borderland.

JAMES WALTER BROWN.

PRINCE CHARLIE AND THE BORDERLAND

CHAPTER I.

THE PRINCE LANDS IN SCOTLAND.

Since that far-off day, well-nigh two centuries ago, when Prince Charles Edward Stuart, at the head of his faithful followers, marched to the Borderland, much has been sung in verse and told in story recalling that daring and incomparable adventure, which aimed at a reward no less than the securing of a kingdom and a crown. As time has rolled on, many tides have lapped the peaceful shores of the Solway, and meanwhile the measureless fields of history and legend have been diligently explored with patient affection by each succeeding generation, so that, to-day, there still lingers around the name of Bonnie Prince Charlie a halo of romance that time cannot

bedim. It is not the object of this book to follow the erratic transit of that effulgent meteor, which projected itself with fateful aim into the dark frowning heavens of the Forty-Five, but to concentrate more particularly on the counties of the Borderland during that memorable period with which Prince' Charlie's name will for ever be associated. It may be necessary, however, to give a brief survey of his entry into this field of unparalleled romance, the issue of which was fated to rank high in the annals of British history and become the perennial theme of poets then unborn.

In the summer of the year 1745 it became known that preparations were being secretly made in France for an invasion of Great Britain in favour of the Stuart dynasty. For that purpose an officer of the French navy was commissioned to raise a company of 100 men under the pretence that they were for the East India Company's service. Smartly clothed in a gay uniform of blue faced with red, they were put on board a frigate carrying eighteen guns. Everything being now ready, Prince Charles Edward Stuart, grandson of James II of England and VII of Scotland, and son of that king's heir, em-

barked with about fifty Scottish adherents, and on the 13th of July set sail for the north-west of Scotland.

When the Prince stepped on board there accompanied him seven persons, afterwards called the seven men of Moidart, viz., the Marquis of Tullibardine ; Sir Thomas Sheridan, the Prince's tutor; Sir John Macdonald, an officer in the Spanish service; Francis Strickland, an English gentleman; George Kelly, a non-juring clergyman; Æneas Macdonald, a banker in Paris and brother of Kinloch Moidart; and Captain O. Sullivan. There were others, of course, including Buchanan, the messenger; and Walsh, the owner of the ship.

The frigate was joined by the 'Elizabeth,' a French man-o'-war of sixty guns. In their passage they fell in with a fleet of British merchantmen under the convoy of three men-o'-war, one of which, the 'Lion,' engaged the 'Elizabeth' for six hours, after which, in a disabled condition, the French ship made all sail for Brest. During the engagement between the two men-o'-war the frigate crowded all sail and escaped. This rencounter was an unfortunate circumstance for the cause of the

young Prince, as the 'Elizabeth' had on board both money and arms for several thousand men, which ammunition of war was to have been landed with him.

The frigate 'La Doutelle,' conveying the Prince, continued on her course, burning no light at night; and after a brief chase by a British man-o'-war she came in sight of Scotland and, on August the 2nd, 1745, anchored off the Island of Eriskay, one of the islets of the Hebrides, situated between Barra and South Uist.

An eagle, disturbed by their approach, hovered round the ship, and Tullibardine, with Gaelic superstition, pointing upwards, exclaimed, 'Here is the king of birds come to welcome your Royal Highness to Scotland!'

Clanranald, to whom the cluster of islands belonged, happened to be on the mainland, and thither Charles proceeded, entering the bay of Lochnanaugh, between Moidart and Arisaig. Here Clanranald, Kinloch Moidart, and several of their clansmen came on board, but to the Prince's entreaties they answered that to take up arms without the support of France could only end in disaster.

It was at this critical juncture, when the

fortunes of Prince Charlie's perilous enterprise were hanging in the balance, that an event, pregnant with far-reaching results, happened. After a long interview and a personal appeal to the assembled chiefs whom he had summoned to his standard, the Prince turned to Ronald Macdonald, the young brother of Kinloch Moidart, whom he observed impulsively clutching the hilt of his sword—'You, at least, will not forsake me?' he exclaimed, rushing forward with hands extended. 'I will follow you to death,' cried the lad, 'were there no other to draw a sword in your cause!'

The spark which roused the hitherto dormant spirit in the breasts of these dour Highland chieftains had gone forth; in an instant hesitancy was thrown aside, and with claymores unsheathed and raised in the air they one and all declared for bonnie Prince Charlie. The die was cast.

The clans were already answering to the calls of their chiefs. Swift-footed messengers were carrying the news of the Prince's landing. Over mountain and through glen sped with eager haste the bearers of the fiery cross, and soon the Highlands trembled with excitement, for—

> 'When a mountain chief his bugle blew,
> Both field and forest, dingle, cliff, and dell,
> And soiltary heath the signal knew;
> And fast the faithful clan around him drew.'

The power of the chiefs and landed proprietors was paramount in getting men together, whether willing or otherwise. The value of an estate in those days was rarely estimated by the rental it produced, but according to the men it could raise. Macdonald of Keppoch, when entertaining some Lowland gentry at his Highland seat, was asked by one of the guests what was the rental of his estate. 'I can raise 500 men' was his only reply.

When a clan had to be summoned on any pressing emergency, the Fiery Cross was sent round as a signal, by swift-footed runners. This was a rude cross fashioned by tying two boughs together, one end of the cross-piece being charred, while from the other hung a piece of blood-stained rag. Various messengers were sent on with these. Each messenger ran till he was becoming exhausted, when he passed on the symbol to the first of his clan he met, and it was the duty of the man thus charged with the mission to be turned aside from fulfilling it by no other claim. It will be remembered that, in the 'Lady of the Lake,'

the solemn task of carrying the fiery cross tears one man away from the arms of his bride, and prevents another from laying his father in the grave.

The last time the symbol is said to have been carried was at this period, when it was sent round Loch Tay by the Earl of Breadalbane, who had marshalled his forces against the cause of the Jacobites. It was a curious example of the irony of fate that this ancient Highland ceremony should be employed for the last time against that very cause with which the Highlanders are usually considered as identified.

At Glenfinnan, a narrow valley bounded on both sides by high and rocky mountains, near the top of Loch Shiel, less than twenty miles west of Fort William, the standard of the Stuarts was unfurled by the aged Marquis of Tullibardine, and the Prince declared war on George II. The standard was of red silk with a white space in the centre, on which, some weeks afterwards, was inscribed the historic motto, '*Tandem Triumphans*'—'At length triumphant.' Tullibardine read aloud the manifesto of the old Chevalier, dated December, 1743, from Rome, promising redress of

grievances and appointing his son, Prince Charles, his Regent. As the standard was unfurled and raised aloft a deafening huzza went up, claymores were unsheathed and uplifted, while bonnets were flung high in the air. Their Prince had come at last! And, while a glorious August sun shed its gladsome beams on the purple heather now blooming on the slopes of yon rugged Highland hills, these dour but faithful clansmen declared there and then for the Young Chevalier, whom they would follow to death—

'Follow thee, follow thee, wha wadna follow thee?
Lang hast thou lo'ed and trusted us fairlie;
Chairlie, Chairlie, wha wadna follow thee?
King o' the Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Chairlie!'

Being now joined by the Camerons of Lochiel, the Macdonalds of Glengarry, the Stewarts of Appin, and other Highland clans, the army of the Prince numbered to over 2,000 men.

Here it may be necessary to dispel what seems to be a popular belief, that the whole of the Highland clans took part in the rising of 1745. Such was not the case. The following clans with their leaders include all that took up the cause of Prince Charlie. The remainder either 'sat on the fence' or rallied to the

banner of George II, among the latter being the powerful clans of Campbell and Sutherland.

*The Highland army, in 1745, was thus composed:—

Clan.	Leader.	Men.
Cameron	- Cameron of Lochiel -	- 740
Appin	- Dugald Stewart of Ballachulish	- 360
Atholl	- Lord George Murray -	1,000
Macdonald	- Macdonald of Clanranald	- 200
,,	- Macdonald of Keppoch	- 400
,,	- Macdonald of Glencoe -	- 200
Robertson	- Robertson of Strowan -	- 200
MacLachlan	- MacLachlan of MacLachlan	- 260

Other bodies of Highlanders made up the strength of this army to about 6,000, which are the figures published at the time by the Government.

'The Highland regiments,' says Chambers, in his 'History of the Rebellion of 1745,' 'were commanded by their chiefs, and generally officered by the kinsmen of that dignitary according as they were near of kin. Each regiment had two captains, two lieutenants, and two ensigns. The front rank of the regiments was filled by men of good birth, who, in

*'Clanland,' William Stewart.

the Highlands, however poor of fortune, are styled gentlemen, and who had for pay one shilling a day, while that of the ordinary men was only sixpence. Each of the gentlemen of the front rank was completely armed, in the fashion of the Highlanders, with a musket, a broadsword, a pair of pistols, a dirk at the belt (to which were also attached a knife and fork) ; the left arm sustained a round target made of wood and leather and studded with nails, and some who chose to be armed with ordinary care, besides the dagger at the belt, carried a smaller one stuck into the garter of the right leg, which they could use in certain situations when the other was beyond their reach. The undistinguished warriors of the rear ranks were, in general, armed in a much inferior manner, many of them wanting targets.'

CHAPTER II.

THE ENTRY INTO EDINBURGH.

Incredible though it may seem, it was three weeks after the landing of Prince Charles before that event became known in Edinburgh.

Sir John Cope, the Commander-in-Chief in Scotland, assembled his troops at Stirling and marched forward with 1,500 men, a large quantity of baggage, a drove of black cattle, and 1,000 stand of arms, intending to crush the rising in the bud. Finding himself without support from the royal clans, and not wishing to risk an engagement, he retreated, leaving the road to Edinburgh open to the Prince.

On the 3rd of September, Prince Charles made his public entry into Perth, where he remained about a week. He had his father proclaimed, and drilled his troops most assiduously on the North Inch, a flat meadow by the side of the Tay.

At Dundee he was joined by the Duke of Perth.

On the 11th he began his march for the Forth, which was crossed at the Ford of

Trew on the 13th. The army, now 3,000 strong, took the route for Glasgow, and after sending a summons demanding 'a sum of money not exceeding £15,000 sterling, besides what is due to the Government, and whatever arms can be found in the city,' &c., the Prince directed his army eastward towards Edinburgh, which they entered on the 17th.

Deeply mortified at the failure of his plans, General Cope marched to Aberdeen to await the arrival of transports to convey his troops for the defence of the Scottish capital. It was on the same day when Cope disembarked at Dunbar that Prince Charles entered Edinburgh. On the arrival of the rebels at the gates, the citizens did not know what to do or think; their courage rose and fell with conflicting reports. They knew that the transports sent for Sir John Cope had sailed on the 10th of September, and the Firth of Forth was anxiously scanned for their longed-for appearance. The dragoons sent to oppose the Prince's progress had retired before him, and were now at Corstorphine, three miles from the city. Meanwhile, it was rumoured that Sir John's transports were in sight off Dunbar. The magistrates met and determined to send a

deputation to the Prince, but he refused to receive them; he had slept but two hours during this anxious night. Lochiel and Murray with 500 Cameronians, were sent forward to take the Netherbow Port. They carried a barrel of gunpowder to blow it up if necessary, but they reached it just as the hackney carriage which had conveyed the deputation back to Edinburgh was returning to the stables in Canongate. When the gate was opened for its passage the Highlanders seized the guard-house and the other gates without bloodshed or disturbance. So unexpected was the capture, that a worthy citizen of Edinburgh, taking his customary walk along the city wall on that eventful morning, and perceiving a brawny Highlander seated astride a cannon, dangling his bare legs to and fro, approached with the enquiry, 'You surely do not belong to the regiment which mounted guard yesterday?' 'Och no,' replied the unconcerned Cameronian, 'she pe releeved!'

The Prince on his entry into Edinburgh made a detour to avoid the guns of the castle, and passing the Buckstone, where James IV planted the standard of Scotland on his way to Flodden, he entered the Duke's Walk, a

favourite promenade of his grandfather, by a break in the wall. His march was begun on foot, but the enthusiasm of the crowd was so great that he had to mount, and rode with the Duke of Perth and Lord Elcho on either hand, wearing a tartan coat, blue velvet bonnet and white cockade, small clothes of red velvet, and military boots. Just at this moment a shot fired from the Castle struck James V Tower at Holyrood, which so wanton a piece of mischief excited the indignation of the crowd, and the Prince entered the palace of his ancestors amid the heartiest acclamation he had yet received.

While the rebels lay at Edinburgh they were not idle, and going off in bands scoured the countryside, pilfering and carrying off all they could lay hands on. A story is told of a party of Highlanders who, during one of these excursions, broke into a mansion house where lived a very eccentric old gentleman, who lay every night in his coffin and winding sheet. Having secured what arms were in the house, the Highlanders set a guard on the servants and packed up all the plate and linen they could carry off. The room occupied by the old laird was bereft of furniture, and the last to be visited by the marauders. Seeing the

coffin, they concluded a corpse was enclosed in it, and that it might have a good winding sheet. Thinking it would be a pity to leave what the dead man would never miss, they raised the lid, on which the disturbed sleeper immediately sat up! Horrified at the ghostly apparition, they took to their heels with the supposed corpse running after them to the door, nor did they once look back—fearing that the de'il would take the hindermost—till they were out of sight of the house, with the plunder left behind.

It is said that Prince Charlie made a journey from Edinburgh to the historic house of Traquair to try and persuade the Earl to support him with more vigour. When bidding the Prince good-bye at the gates, the Earl flung the keys of Traquair into the Tweed, and then, pointing to the gates, said they would never be re-opened until he returned as King of Britain. So this picturesque story has remained fixed in the district as a tradition, and the closed gates of Traquair have become a symbol of the hopeless waiting of a lost cause. To-day old Traquair House, originally a Peel Tower overhanging the Tweed, is now a pallid, ghost-like mansion,

with its wrought-iron gates in a foot deep of soil, never having been opened since the '45. The huge 'Bradwardine bears,' on either side of the gateway, and other points of interest make Traquair more closely resemble Scott's 'Tully-veolan' in 'Waverley' than any other mansion with which that name has been associated.

There is another tradition that the gates were closed in 1796 by the seventh Earl after the funeral of his young wife, and he said they should not be opened until they could receive another Countess of Traquair, an event which never happened. The title expired with the eighth Earl, who died in 1861.

The occupation of Edinburgh was followed by the battle of Preston Pans, in which the royal forces sustained a disastrous defeat. The fortunes of that memorable battle are too well known to be recapitulated at any great length here. So eager were the Highlanders for battle, that no sooner had the shrill pipes given the signal for the attack, than, pulling their bonnets over their brows, the clansmen dashed forward with that savage fury which made their charge among the most terrible perils of warfare. Utterly indifferent to life, they

Photo by John Sewell.

(1) TRAQUAIR GATES.

(2) AULD BRIG OVER THE JED. Photo by A. R. Edwards, Selkirk.

flung themselves upon the English, parried bayonets with their targets, and with their terrible broadswords cut their way till the line of the Royal army was broken, and Cope's men, no longer able to withstand the awful pressure of the Highland host, were forced to take to their heels. So swift and terrible was the attack that in less than five minutes the battle was over.

In his 'Memoirs of the Rebellion of 1745,' Chevalier Johnstone,* an aide-de-camp in the Jacobite army, graphically describes their manner of fighting. 'The Highlanders advance,' says that writer, 'with rapidity, discharge their pieces when within musket-length of the enemy, and then, throwing them down, draw their swords, and holding a dirk in their left hand and with target or shield, they dart with fury on the enemy through the smoke of their fire. When within reach of the enemy's bayonets, bending their left knee they, by their attitude, cover their bodies with the targets that receive the thrusts of the bayonets, which they contrive to parry,

* Chevalier Johnstone was descended from an ancient and powerful Border family, the Johnstones of Wamphray.

while at the same time they raise their sword-arm and strike their adversary. Having once got within the bayonets and into the ranks of the enemy, the latter have no longer any means of defending themselves, the fate of the battle is decided in an instant, and the carnage follows, the Highlanders bringing down two men at a time, one with their dirk in the left hand and another with the sword. The reason assigned by the Highlanders for the custom of throwing their muskets on the ground is not without its force. They say they embarrass them in their operations, even when slung behind them, and on gaining a battle they can pick them up along with the arms of the enemies, but if they should be beaten they have no occasion for muskets. They themselves proved that bravery may supply the place of discipline at times, as discipline supplies the place of bravery. The attack is so terrible that the best troops in Europe would with difficulty sustain the first shock of it, and if the swords of the Highlanders once came in contact with them their defeat is inevitable.'

Among the fallen at the battle of Preston Pans was the gallant Colonel Gardiner. His

dragoons having fled, Gardiner, seeing a small company of infantry bravely fighting without an officer, spurred his horse to their aid, but scarcely had he put himself at their head before a Highlander cut him down with his murderous scythe. He was carried to the manse of Tranent, where he died a few hours afterwards. Many biographies have preserved the honoured name of Colonel Gardiner, and his life is well known. In his youth he had been a man of dissipated habits, and one night, when pursuing the evil tenor of his downward career, he suddenly beheld the Saviour on the cross, surrounded by the glory of Heaven, calling him to repentance. So deep was the impression caused by this vision that the profligate was henceforth transformed into a steadfast and earnest Christian.

Sir John Cope, with hope almost gone, collecting his remnant of dragoons left on the field, made a desperate effort to retrieve the fortunes of the day, but despite this they fled, and to escape capture he was obliged to follow. He set off towards Coldstream, and thence to Berwick, where Lord Mark Ker told him that 'he was the first General on record who had carried the news of his own defeat.' It was

the battle of Preston Pans that gave birth to the popular Jacobite song :—

'Cope sent a letter frae Dunbar,
Saying, "Charlie, meet me if ye daur,
An' I'll learn you the art of war,
If you'll meet me in the morning."
Hey, Johnnie Cope are ye waukin' yet,
Or are your drums a-beating yet?
If ye are waukin' I will wait,
To gang to the coals in the morning.'

CHAPTER III

THE HIGHLAND ARMY MARCHES SOUTH.

Prince Charles now marched back to Edinburgh in triumph, and was everywhere hailed with the greatest enthusiasm. As he entered the city a hundred pipers marched in front to the tune of the favourite Jacobite air, 'The king shall enjoy his own again,' followed by the clans, their banners waving side by side with the flags taken from the English. As the Highlanders marched onwards some of them, not content with shouting their wild huzzas and waving their bonnets, discharged their pieces in the air. Everything now reigned in the Scottish capital as became a city in which royalty had been pleased to take up its residence.

In honour of the Prince levees, attended by great pomp and finery, were held at Holyrood Palace, while balls and receptions were freely contributed by the leading gentry.

On the Sunday morning after the battle only two of the Edinburgh churches were open for service, although Charles had requested

that all their functions should be continued as usual. In one of these two, St. Cuthbert's, the sturdy Presbyterian minister—Mc.Vicar by name—not only prayed for King George, but also added, 'And for the young man that is come amongst us to seek an earthly crown, we beseech Thee in Thy mercy to take him to Thyself, and give him a crown of glory.'

It was the wish of Prince Charles, immediately after the victory of Preston Pans, to march into England. Had this desire been realised instead of the fateful moment being wasted in frivolity and pleasure, with the clans lying idle at Duddingston, the issue for the Jacobite cause might have been altogether different. The delay was fatal, for it allowed the Government to collect and concentrate its scattered forces, while it confirmed the timidity of the English Jacobites, which the prompt march of a victorious army might have dispelled.

After this unfortunate delay it was at last decided to march south. The Prince assembled his officers and laid before them his proposal to march upon Newcastle and attack Marshal Wade. Lord George Murray urged that they should enter England through Cumberland,

so that if Wade meditated giving them battle he would have to harass his troops by a fatiguing march across rough country roads, whilst the Highlanders would fight to advantage amongst the hills. This suggestion was adopted, and preparations were immediately made for departure. So on the 3rd of November the Highland army left Edinburgh and marched southwards in three divisions : one by Peebles; one by Lauder, Selkirk, and Hawick; and one by Kelso. The last division was under the command of the Prince in person, accompanied by Lord George Murray and the Duke of Perth.

During the passage of the Lowland counties the only plunder which the followers of Prince Charlie procured from the small holdings was a few half-starved sheep, some oats, and oatmeal. They shot the sheep, and having drank their warm blood, skinned and carried them off; the oatmeal they compelled the women of adjacent farms to make into cakes, which were eaten as they came off the fire. Tradition says that some of the marauders were lost in the moss at Kelso Spittal, now part of Ferneyhill Farm. There is still a story told that, when the Prince with his chiefs were

gathered together in council at one of the principal houses at Kelso, there happened to be an invalid lady occupying a concealed bed in the same apartment, who, though an unwilling listener, heard all that passed. It was at this meeting that the chiefs were debating on their line of march into England, so that one can well imagine the forfeit the unfortunate invalid would have had to pay had one of the chieftains thrust his head between the heavy curtains of the concealed bed.

At Kelso a halt was made for two days, and orders were despatched to Wooler for quarters to be got ready, which subterfuge alarmed Wade and diverted his attention from Carlisle, which was the real object of attack. This ruse was successful, the trick not being discovered until it was learned that the Prince had made a sudden march westward by way of Hawick and Hagiehaugh.

Of that dreaded march of the Highlanders to the Border a descendant of the Mc.Dougalls of Caverton Mill, near Eckford, has left behind some interesting notes, in which he states:—'David Mc.Dougall, my great-grandfather, was tenant of Caverton Mill during the rebel-

lion of 1745, and when the rebel army was on the way south with Prince Charlie, the Duke of Roxburghe, who was afraid of anything befalling his family plate and valuables, sent for my great-grandfather, his tenant, and arranged with him that he and his two sons should come with carts to Fleurs under cover of night and convey the chests containing the plate, &c., to Caverton Mill, where they were secretly buried by father and sons in their stackyard until the return of times of peace. My grandmother, then a child of four or five years of age, used sometimes in after life to revert to her perplexity and trouble caused by the distress depicted on the faces of her relatives as she overheard them speaking of the Highlanders who were on their way to the neighbourhood, and wondered what it all meant.'

Arriving at Jedburgh, where a stay was made overnight, the Prince took up his residence at Castlegate, in property which is still standing. Local tradition says that on the advance guard of the Prince's army reaching the town on the Sunday, when almost the whole community was at church, a message was sent to the minister to close the service and send his congregation home to prepare rations

for the army. It is evident that the order was not resented, for when Prince Charlie marched into the town at the head of his clansmen the women of Jedburgh flocked into the street to kiss his hand. The homage paid by the women of Jedburgh was all that he got there, for, as at Kelso, not a single recruit joined his ranks. There was, indeed, one sturdy farmer, Davidson of Charlieshope,* who rode into the town fully accoutred, but arrived too late; the army had marched the day before. 'Of old,' says Lang,† 'he would have picked up the Kers, Elliots, and Scotts. But the tartans waved and the bagpipes shrilled in vain, and the Blue Bonnets did not go over the Border.'

There is a reference to the Prince's entry into Jedburgh contained in a memorandum left by a resident of that town in 1871, in which the following occurs:—'James, my grandfather,‡ born about 1732, died in 1810. He told me he was 13 years old when the Pretender with his troops entered Jedburgh in 1745. All the men, who were opposed to the rising, left the town to avoid being compelled

* The father of Sir Walter Scott's 'Dandie Dinmont.'

† 'Highways and Byways in the Border,' p. 78.

‡ James Hilson, founder of the firm of J. Hilson & Sons, Manufacturers.

to join the rebels, but as he was a boy, he, with the curiosity of his age, made his way down to Bongate and walked alongside of the Prince and his troops as they came up and entered the town by the Cannongate, that being the only bridge over the Jed.'

On reaching Upper Liddesdale, Prince Charles entered by the Note o' the Gate Pass, and when he came to the head of Dawston Rig the Prince counted his following and divided them into two parties, one going over the Rig to the Liddel by way of Caddron Burn, while the other continued down the burn to Liddel. They were encamped along the river from Huds House to Larriston. It was the house of Larriston that afforded lodging to Prince Charles, and with the exception of some alteration to the two windows on the ground floor, the house is unchanged to-day.

This is the House of Larriston, the ancient residence of Elliot, the Lion of Liddesdale, whose daring has been commemorated by the Ettrick Shepherd in his spirited poem, 'Lock the door Larriston.' Though the Elliots did not 'come out' in the '45, the memory of the Prince's stay overnight at Larriston was long cherished by the family. Indeed, for a century

and a half the bed and other articles of furniture in the room which he occupied were allowed to remain exactly as he had left them. When the interior of the house was remodelled the historic bedstead was relegated to an attic.

During his short stay here it is recorded that the Prince bought ten sheep, and engaged one, Charlie o' Kirndean, to kill and dress them. He gave Charlie half a sovereign in return for his services, but some Highlanders who saw him get the money followed him and relieved him of it.

William Armstrong, Castleton parish minister, in common with the majority of established kirk ministers, was described as a 'flaming anti-Jacobite.' On that occasion the kirk was not 'on the side of the angels,' being too much concerned in its own 'establishment,' lest a change should bring it down on its ministers and elders like the temple of Dagon on the Philistines. The Castleton minister was so violent in his opposition that when Prince Charlie's army lay in the district a party was sent out for his arrest, but he fled into Northumberland. Not all his parishioners seem to have borne the unfortunate Prince similar animosity, for it is said that a party

of Highlanders out in search of provender carried off a hive of bees from the garden of a weaver who dwelt near the kirk, and the old man consoled himself for his loss by remarking that he had furnished the Prince with a larger number, fully armed and provisioned for several months, than the greatest chieftain in the Highlands. When the Highland army had retreated back to the north, Armstrong returned to his parish, and it is said that on the Sunday after Culloden he received news of the disaster before anyone else in the district and communicated it to his congregation by giving out the morning psalm as the seventy-ninth, which includes the lines:—

> 'Their blood about Jerusalem like water they have shed;
> And there was none to bury them when they were slain and dead.'

This was not interpreted by his hearers as sympathy, but the reverse.

The Highlanders' vanguard had now entered Dumfriesshire, and passing through Langholm received anything but a cordial welcome from the inhabitants of that Border town, who, it would appear, had little sympathy with the cause of Prince Charlie and the rebellion of '45, and we can well imagine that the billeting

and feeding of the rebel troops would be done by the townsfolk with no good grace. As we have already seen, the Prince himself did not pass through Langholm, this division being commanded by one of his officers. Regarding their brief stay at Langholm, there is only one noteworthy incident left on record, and this is of interest to the author, as the chief actors were amongst his ancestors.

John Hounam, his great-great-great-grandfather, occupied the farmhouse on the old Drove Road, adjoining Langholm Kirkyard, on the site of which the house now known as Mount Hooley is built. It is difficult to visualise this part of the town as it existed when the highway between Edinburgh and Carlisle passed along the Drove Road. The farm steading would in all probability come up to the boundary wall of the kirkyard, and the adjacant land to the rear, extending beyond where now stands the mansion house of Arkinholm, would form John's pasture ground and other farm land. Having no sympathy with the Stuart cause, and hearing of the approach of the rebel troops, he removed his horses and cattle over Whita Hill to the wilds of Tarras for safety, the guid wife, who happened to be

in bed with a new-born child, being left at home. On the arrival of the insurgents at Langholm, an officer with a company of soldiers was despatched to John Hounam's farm to commandeer the horses and cattle. Not finding the farmer at home the officer demanded of Jean, his wife, that she should inform him of his whereabouts; this she resolutely declined to do. The Highlander then threatened to cut down the beam supporting the roof of the farm house, but still she declined. He was as good as his word, and drawing his claymore slashed at the beam, which, being of good stout oak, withstood the attack. In later years, when the farm house was raised to the existing two-storied house, part of the beam bearing the marks of the Highlander's claymore was built as a lintel into one of the windows. It is interesting to note that the house is still in the possession of a branch of the Hounam family.

CHAPTER IV.

PRINCE CHARLIE CROSSES THE BORDER.

On the 8th of November the middle division joined the last column, and on the evening of the same day Prince Charles Edward, now in command of these joint forces, set foot on English ground. As the clans crossed the Border they drew their swords and gave vent to a wild huzza, but a damp came over their spirits on learning that Lochiel had cut his hand in the act of unsheathing his sword, an occurrence which the Highlanders superstitiously regarded as a bad omen. 'When they passed over the Liddel and entered England,' says a writer, 'they drew a circle on the soil, and within it grouped their swords and smote the earth, which was their mode of taking possession of English ground.'

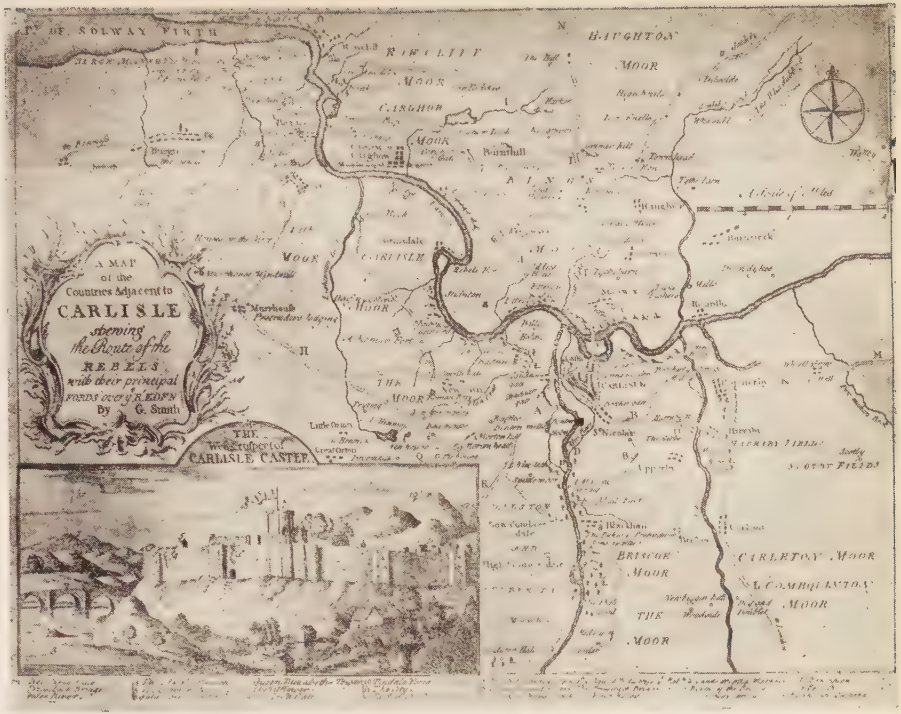
A portion of the cavalry and some of the clans went forward to Longtown, while several parties of infantry were ordered to the Scottish side of the Border to secure billets overnight, at Canonbie and other hamlets. The Prince

and a number of his chiefs were entertained at Riddings Hall, the residence of David Murray, and in the morning, on their departure, the host presented the young Prince with a bag of gold and ten horses, at the same time wishing him great success. Prince Charles, as a mark of respect, presented David Murray with the glass that he drank his wine from, and to his hostess he gave a French piece of gold value £1 16s. 0d. He also presented each of their three daughters with a gold ring. These tokens were kept in the Murray family until the year 1847, at which time they were in the possession of Samuel Linton and his wife Mary, who was a descendant of David Murray of Riddings Hall. It would seem that the Earl of Glengarry, in 1847, having a great desire for these Jacobite relics and being much interested in the Prince, all of them, with the exception of one of the rings, then passed into his hands.

The remaining gold ring is now in the possession of Mrs. Johnston of Ploughlands, Kirkbampton, near Carlisle, a descendant of David Murray. It is of simple design, resembling a wedding ring, and bears the following inscription engraved on the inside:

'*I have obtained whom God ordained.*' Riddings Hall formerly belonged to Sir James Graham of Netherby, and was pulled down about the year 1818. At that time it stood where the cottages adjoining the railway station at Riddings are now built.

The Duke of Perth's division was by this time toiling through Annandale towards the Border City in order to effect a junction with the Prince's army, but so bad was the condition of the roads that the baggage waggons could scarcely keep up with the men, and on this account some of the stores were left at the village of Ecclefechan. Intelligence to that effect having reached Dumfries, a party of the loyal inhabitants there resolved on a raid upon the unsuspecting Highlanders left in charge of the baggage. Hurrying to the village, a distance of sixteen miles, they surprised the soldiers, seized the articles of which the equipment was composed, and in triumph returned with them to Dumfries. Among the spoils were numerous pikes and scythe-blades used by the Highlanders at Preston Pans, some of which, rusty relics of the time, are still preserved within the Mid-Steeple of the burgh.



MAP OF DISTRICT SURROUNDING CARLISLE IN 1745. From an old Print.

The threatened invasion of England by Prince Charlie's Highlanders was treated there with ridicule and contempt, and little notice was taken of the rebels' march south. The battle of Preston Pans pealed out a warning note, and when the skirl of the bagpipes re-echoed through the Border glens, to the measured tramp of 8,000 Highlanders, great was the alarm. Carlisle, then a walled city with a population of about 4,000, was their first objective. It was at that period in a very neglected state, and the fortifications in a deplorable condition.

Up to this time Carlisle had been kept in close touch with the rebels' movement through the valuable medium of Dr. John Waugh, Chancellor and Prebendary of Carlisle, who, by virtue of his official appointment, was in a position of the first consideration and influence in the city and neighbourhood of Carlisle. On the outbreak of the rebellion he established communication with various influential persons along the routes by which the Prince's divisions were expected to proceed. In this way Dr. Waugh was able to pass on the intelligence thus obtained to Marshal Wade, whose army lay at Newcastle, besides keeping London

regularly furnished with tidings of the insurgents' advance towards England.

From the Border City there was kept a strict watch and ward, and in all parts of the county and over the Border parties of light horse were sent out for intelligence. Messengers were also despatched to Marshal Wade acquainting him with the movements of the rebels.

On Friday, the 8th of November, Lieut. Kilpatrick, a royalist militia officer, with a party of men, advanced beyond Ecclefechan and came in sight of a body of rebels who were advancing towards Carlisle. There they seized a Scottish quartermaster named Brand, who had arrived at Ecclefechan in advance of the main body to demand from the inhabitants quarters for his men. Brand was brought back prisoner to Carlisle, and on the following day was sent to Marshal Wade.

On the afternoon of Saturday, the 9th, at about 3 o'clock, a party of about fifty or sixty horsemen appeared on Stanwix Bank, which overlooks the city. It being Martinmas hiring day, the country people were thronging the road on their homeward journey, and so the guns of the Castle could not be fired without

risk of injury to the country folks. The troopers, therefore, had time to reconnoitre in safety for about half an hour, when, the roads by this time being clear of people, the garrison fired from the ten-gun battery of the Castle. Having fulfilled their mission the scouting party retired a mile or two from the city to await the advance of the main body.

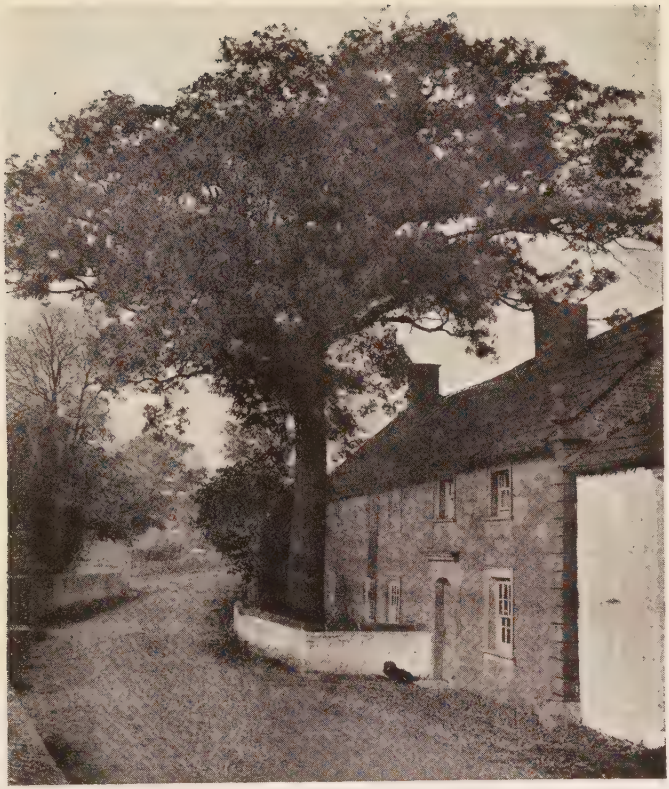
Before riding off they seized a man named Atkinson, the son of a farmer at Drawdykes, a mile north-east of Carlisle, whom they compelled to go into the city with a note demanding quarters for 13,000 foot and 3,000 horse, 'to which,' as Pattinson reported, 'no answer was sent, but the guns from the Castle were fired on the rebels, who immediately retired.'

That afternoon part of the Peebles division with the artillery came up. The Prince, with the main body, marched down the right bank of the River Eden to Rockcliffe, and crossed at the Peat Wath, passing the night at the hamlet of Moorhouse, four miles west of Carlisle, in a house still standing and known as Stonehouse.

Next day, Sunday, the 10th, the remainder of the Peebles division came up; two regiments,

under Lord Ogilvy and Gordon of Glenbucket, crossed the Eden at Cargo and Grinsdale, and under cover of a thick fog the city was invested on all sides before the garrison realised the presence of the enemy. One body under the Duke of Perth occupied Stanwix, another with the artillery under the Marquis of Tullibardine lay in Shaddongate facing the Irish gate, while the third, led by the Prince in person, approached by St. Nicholas opposite the Citadel and English gate.

Great was the consternation in the city when the fog cleared off at mid-day, disclosing to the garrison the rebel army close to their walls. They immediately opened fire from the four-gun battery upon the division in Shaddongate, and the commander was heard to say, 'Gentlemen, we have not metal for them, retreat'; which they did. The Citadel guns compelled the Prince to fall back, and the ten-gun battery fired upon the division posted on Stanwix Bank, which also retired. The fog coming on again prevented the garrison from observing the situation of the rebels, although some of these were so near to the walls that the sound of their pipes playing near the English gate could be distinctly heard. After-



STONEHOUSE

Occupied by Prince Charlie on November 9th, 1745.

wards they could perceive a number of rebels on Stanwix Bank. When night approached, this party took up their quarters at Rickerby and neighbourhood. Here they were roused by an express from the Prince, commanding them to repair, without loss of time, to join the main body at Brampton.

All that night, being in expectation of a general assault, the citizens capable of bearing arms lined the walls, while the militia were drawn up at the foot of Castle Street to be ready, in case of forcible attack, to relieve and reinforce the men on the walls. An attack, however, was not attempted.

A letter written on the 11th by the Penrith postmaster to Lord Irwin, who was at that time Lord-Lieutenant of the West Riding of Yorkshire, apprising him of the rebels' movements, gives a striking picture of their appearance, and provides a description of the domestic habits of the Highlanders, which agrees generally with the stories already brought in by those who had come in contact with the rebel army. 'This morning,' he writes, 'the following examination was taken from Joseph Tiffin, a servant to Mr. Bramwell of this town, who says that about midnight on

Friday he went to the rebels' army and left them at Rawcliffe yesterday morning. They have about nine field pieces. He believes there may be 1,000 horse in the division he saw. Another party would be at Rawcliffe last night, in case they could get their artillery up, which was then behind them. They talked very largely as to their numbers, but from all accounts he could gather from those who had seen the second division he thought their amount could not exceed 10,000. They march with droves of black cattle and sheep, three wagons of biscuit and cheese, which they sit down at noon to eat. At night and morning they get a little oatmeal, which they buy at their own price or take away wherever they can get it, and constantly carry it in a leathern bag for their subsistence; every one has a sword, a target, a gun, and a dirk. The rear always push forward the front, and they march in a very great hurry; they wish much to be in Lancashire and Wales. They march always at daybreak, and sooner when they had the benefit of the moon. The main body encamps every night, the officers go to towns or houses, the baggage guard is relieved every day and consists of about 300. By undoubted intelli-

gence the rebels appeared yesterday afternoon facing Carlisle between the English and Irish Gates; the Castle and Citadel fired about thirty guns in a few minutes at two o'clock; several were likewise at one and afterwards at three this morning, but with what success we cannot tell, all communication being stopped.'

It will be observed that Tiffin came up with the Highland army on Friday—the day before the rebel party made their appearance on Stanwix Bank—followed the division that marched by Rockcliffe, and left again on the morning of Sunday, the 10th, presumably before the army moved off to invest the city. The letter, containing as it does first-hand information of the dreaded foe who had now arrived in their midst, provides interesting reading.

About three o'clock that afternoon a countryman, Robinson by name, to whom the Prince had given two guineas, appeared at the sally port bearing a letter directed to the Mayor, and subscribed Charles, P.R., in the following words:—

'Charles Prince of Wales, Regent of the Kingdoms of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, and the Dominions thereunto belong.

'Being come to recover the King our Father's just Rights, for which we are arrived with all his Authority, we are sorry to find that you should be prepared to obstruct our Passage. We therefore, to avoid the Effusion of English Blood, hereby require you to open your Gates, and let us enter, as we desire in a peaceable Manner; which if you do, we shall take Care to preserve you from any Insult, and set an Example to all England of the Exactness with which we intend to fulfil the King our Father's Declarations and our own : But if you shall refuse us Entrance, we are fully resolved to force it by such means as Providence has put into our hands, then it will not perhaps be in our Power to prevent the dreadful Consequences which usually attend a Town's being taken by Assault.

'Consider seriously of this, and let me have your answer within the space of two hours, for we shall take any further delay as a peremptory Refusal, and take our Measures accordingly.'

To this summons the Deputy-Mayor, Mr. Thomas Pattinson, sent no reply, 'but by the firing of cannon upon them,' and information having reached the Prince that Marshal Wade was about to advance from Newcastle to the

Photo by Ronald Beattie.

(1) BLACKHALL FARM.
Headquarters of Prince Charles Edward Stuart and the Duke of Cumberland during their stay in Carlisle neighbourhood.

(2) 'PRINCE CHARLIE'S ROOM.'
Showing antique oak cupboard built into the wall.

relief of the Carlisle garrison, it was considered advisable, both by the Prince and his council, to retire from the city and advance upon Brampton, about eight miles distant, where the Highlanders might have the advantage of hilly ground for fighting, should there be a collision with Wade's army.

That night the Prince slept at Blackhall Farm, a substantial house built on rising ground which gives a commanding view over the south-west side of the city. The room said to have been occupied by the Prince is on the ground floor and has some antique oak wainscoting.

CHAPTER V.

THE HIGHLAND ARMY NEAR CARLISLE.

Leaving Prince Charlie here for the night, let us consider the condition of the city at that juncture. The defences were in a bad state, and the ring of the hammer and trowel on the old city walls might have been heard. As has already been stated, the population of Carlisle at the time of the '45 rebellion was little more than 4,000, and the garrison consisted of eighty 'invalid' soldiers. The guns were of the most obsolete pattern and had just been augmented by ten small ship's-guns hurriedly brought from Whitehaven, and for these the gallant Colonel Durand, who was in command of the city, had caused embrasures to be made and the guns to be mounted on the ruinous walls. Every able-bodied man had already been called to the defence of the city, and these had been divided into nine companies of about thirty men each. Under the guidance of the Master Gunner forty townsmen manned the

Whitehaven cannon, while other eighty men had been appointed for the service of the artillery at the Castle. The local clergy having volunteered on Colonel Durand's staff, two of them were posted on the Cathedral tower with a large telescope to give notice of the rebels' movements. Small companies of militia had been brought from outlying towns and villages, but their arms were of different bores, so that it had been found impossible to fit them out of the stores, consequently every man was ordered to make a sufficient quantity of ball according to the size of his piece. The proposal of Colonel Durand to the militia officers that they should do duty by detachments from their several companies was strenuously opposed, and they drew lots for their posts. The upshot was that as there was neither order nor discipline in their ranks, the men rambled at will upon the ramparts every night, and were now in a very fatigued and demoralised condition. Though the nights were excessively dark, there was no difficulty in moving about the narrow streets of the city, orders having been given that at nightfall lights should be kept burning in the lower windows next the street, so that in case of a

night alarm the men might see their way and confusion be prevented.

Since the approach of the rebels false alarms became very frequent in the city, which tended to fatigue the garrison and make them less attentive should a real alarm happen. To overcome this weakness, instructions were issued by Colonel Durand that no drum should beat to arms without his orders, but as that was utterly disregarded it was ultimately agreed that the only signal for a general alarm would be the ringing of the Cathedral bells.

No more authentic account of the condition of the city and Castle of Carlisle at this time can be obtained than that which was given at the court martial on Colonel Durand, in the evidence of Captain Gilpin, who was in command of a company of 'invalids' before the arrival of Colonel Durand. *'He says that on Lieutenant-Colonel Durand coming to take upon him the command of the Town and Castle, he desired this deponent to go with him round them, to examine their condition, which he did, and they found them very weak and defenceless. He further says that the

*Extract from 'Proceedings of the General Court Martial held for the trial of Lieutenant-Colonel James Durand on the 15th and 16th of September, 1746.'

Castle of Carlisle is an old irregular building, near 700 yards in circuit, and has 20 pieces of iron cannon of six pounders; and as it has no ditch (except on the town side the small remains of one, which time has near fill'd up, and is passable in almost all places), has no outworks of any kind, nor flanks, the Rebells might have approach'd to the foot of the walls wherever they pleased, without any possibility of hindering them, or dislodging them when they were there, as we had no fire that we could bear upon them, nor any man to make a sally; and then, by mine or sap, might have thrown down any part of the wall they thought proper.

'For about sixty yards round the summer house battery the wall is very low, and might have been scaled with great ease.

'The wall on the right of the gate is about seventy four yards long, very old, thin and decayed, having several very large cracks in it; the inside facing taken entirely away, and no rampart behind it; and being so very weak, might have been easily thrown down.

'The gate towards the town is not covered by any outworks; and tho' it has a drawbridge before it, yet that bridge is no sort of use, as

there is a free passage both to the right and to the left of it; which might very easily be approach'd, especially in the night, and be forced by a petard, or burnt with tar barrells, as it is only a single wooden gate; and from the gateway are stair-cases, that lead up to the top of the gateway, as also in the inner Castle, which would at once have given the Rebells possession of it.

'The wall over the Lady's Walk is about sixty yards in length and very low, has no parapet nor flank to defend it; and might have been scaled with great ease, especially as, at about seventy or eighty yards from the said wall, there is a large bank of earth, and a hedge, which run parallel to it, and could have afforded cover to a large number of Rebells, who, by a continual fire upon the said wall, might have made it impossible for any men to have stood there, as there was no parapet to cover them; and under cover of this fire, the Rebells might have advanced several detachments, both to the right and left of the ditch, with scaling-ladders, and take possession of the Lady's Walk, where we could not bring any fire to bear upon them; and immediately, with great ease, have scal'd the wall.

CARLISLE, FROM STANWIX, 1745.

'At the foot of the said wall is an old gateway, which had just been wall'd up, and might have been open'd again in a very little time, as it was not defended by any flank, and consequently not in our power to give them any interruption; from whence the Rebells might have forc'd their way into the inner Castle, or have blown it up.

'He further says, that after having reviewed the Town and Castle, and finding the bad state of them, Lieutenant-Colonel Durand declared to him upon that occasion that he desired the weak state of them might not be known, lest the people should be intimidated or discouraged; and he accordingly chose to give it out as a tenable place, especially the Castle; the rather, finding that the people of the town thought it so to be.'

It will be seen, therefore, that Carlisle had been grossly and unpardonably neglected by the Government, so that a small city with a population of 4,000 men, women, and children all told, surrounded by ruinous walls, and having its castle garrisoned by eighty 'invalids' (veteran soldiers, indeed, but long past their prime) and four gunners, was expected to stem the advance of a trained army

of 8,000 to 10,000 men. True, a motley array of 700 militiamen—undisciplined, undrilled, miserably clad, and without arms save a few muskets and fowling-pieces mostly belonging to the men themselves—was drawn from the surrounding country, but when the emergency arose these militia threw down such arms as they possessed and deserted their posts. When application was made by Lord Lonsdale, who was then Lord-Lieutenant of Cumberland, to the Duke of Newcastle, principal Secretary of State, for the service of two line regiments who were available, being on their way home from Ireland, he was told Carlisle was not a place of such importance as to justify the Government in going to the expense of sending an express for that purpose, so that through the utter lack of foresight of one of the most incompetent Ministers that ever held seals, one of the keys of England was sacrificed in order to save the expenditure of £50.

At the first streak of dawn the watchmen on the Cathedral tower reported that the besieging army was not to be seen. Great was the rejoicing and hand-shaking within the city walls, and surely, in such circumstances, there is little that can be accounted what Dr.

Waugh, Chancellor of Carlisle, satirically termed ' vain-glorious ' in the action of Thomas Pattinson, the Deputy-Mayor, despatching an express to London informing the Secretary of State, who in turn informed the King, that the Carlisle garrison had beaten off the Highland army.

The real reason of the Prince's retreat, however, was not the fear of the city's feeble artillery and the red-coated militia, but, as has already been stated, it was the receipt of intelligence that Marshal Wade was marching from Newcastle to the relief of Carlisle. On reaching Brampton, however, news came that Wade had advanced no further than Hexham, where he was compelled to make a halt, many of his men having fallen out of the ranks through exhaustion, the ground being covered with snow.

It was, indeed, with pardonable pride that the besieged of Carlisle gazed with exultant joy over the walls and beheld the broad holmes around the city free of the foe which but a few short weeks before had smashed the serried lines of the Royal forces at Preston Pans ere they set out on their triumphant march to the Border. It was to be expected, therefore, that

word should be sent to London without a moment's delay, and so—'Last Saturday night,' wrote Pattinson, 'our city was surrounded with about 9,000 Highlanders. At three o'clock that afternoon I received a message from them for billets for 13,000 men to be ready that night. I refused. On Sunday, at three in the afternoon, I received the enclosed message.' [The summons of the Prince.] 'The answer returned was only the firing our cannon. Then Charles and the Duke of Perth, with several other gentlemen, lay within a mile or two of us, but have now all marched for Brampton, seven miles on the high road for Newcastle. I told your Lordship,' continued he, proudly, 'that we would defend the city; its proving true gives me pleasure, and more so since we have outdone Edinburgh, nay, all Scotland. We are bringing in men, and arms, and covered waggons frequently. I shall in a little time fully set forth everything to your Lordship. If you think proper, I would have you mention our success to the Duke of Newcastle and to General Wade.'

Lord Lonsdale did mention the success to the Duke of Newcastle, and his Grace immedi-

ately laid the letter before the King. Little dreaming that ere His Majesty had finished reading the good news the tables had been completely turned at Carlisle, his Grace despatched a letter to Pattinson—' His Majesty was so sensible of the loyalty and courage which the magistrates and officers at that place have showed on this important occasion,' wrote the Duke, ' that His Majesty commanded me to take the first opportunity of returning his thanks to them, with which I am to desire you would be pleased to acquaint them. I most heartily congratulate you upon the great honour the town of Carlisle has gained by setting this example of firmness and resolution, which it is to be hoped will be followed in other places should the rebels attempt to advance further.'

The city's jubilation had soon to receive a rude shock and the luckless Deputy-Mayor to be made the scapegoat of a humiliating surrender. It would have been altogether different had Wade not been deceived by the Prince's march to Kelso on his way south, and had he left Newcastle in time to come up with the rebels. Posterity would then have been saved the record of a sorry event, and the

name of Thomas Pattinson, instead of being grossly and unjustly lampooned, would have been handed down to generations yet unborn as a hero and a patriot.

The chronicles of the period clearly show that an unfortunate difference of opinion, arising partly from personal jealousy and partly from antagonistic interests between the ecclesiastical dignitaries and members of the Corporation, in the cause of which the Deputy-Mayor had roused the bitter enmity of Chancellor Waugh. Among the charges which he brings against Pattinson are that he was actuated solely by self-interest and self-importance. 'The charges, or rather insinuations, against Pattinson,' says Mr. James Walter Brown,* 'are so nebulous that it is difficult to grasp them. . . . Pattinson has been accused by Waugh of being a busybody. Well, in times of rebellion, when a city is in danger of attack, or in a state of siege, somebody must be busy, and if not its Mayor—for *de facto* Pattinson was Mayor—then, who should be busy? Consider the fussiness of the Cathedral dignitaries—a paltry half-dozen or so headed by the Chancellor—who held them-

* 'Round Carlisle Cross,' First Series.

selves aloof from the general body of citizens, and formed an association of their own in the Cathedral precincts. . . . There has probably never been a citizen of Carlisle whose character, both during his lifetime and since his death, has been more persistently and unjustifiably maligned than that of Thomas Pattinson, who was Deputy-Mayor of the city at the period of the 1745 rebellion. At first sight, the unanimity with which commentators have agreed upon his behaviour during those stirring times would seem to be conclusive, but when it is found that their opinions are all based on statements made by his virulent enemy, such unanimity can hardly be wondered at. Of judicial evidence against him there is none; indeed, as will be seen upon examination, the stories told about him, when purged of their spleen, confute the allegations that have been based upon them.'

At the outbreak of the rebellion the Mayor of Carlisle was Mr. Henry Aglionby of Nunnery, who during this troublous period of the city's history never once appeared within its walls. Thus the onerous duties of chief magistrate fell heavily upon the shoulders of Thomas Pattinson, the Deputy-Mayor, the

memory of whom posterity has so cruelly traduced; and while the name of the faithful Pattinson has, since those far-off days, been unfairly and persistently held up to ridicule, yet no breath of censure has been cast upon young Aglionby for thus neglecting his duties during a time so critical for his King and country, either by Chancellor Waugh in his voluminous letters preserved in Mounsey's authentic account of the occupation of Carlisle in 1745, or by other subsequent writers.

The most material part of the book referred to consists of correspondence and narratives of Chancellor Waugh, so we find that practically all the writers upon Carlisle in 1745 have taken their colour from Waugh; nor has time been charitable to poor Pattinson, who died the year following the rebellion and is buried in an unknown grave.

In Mounsey's 'Account' it is stated that Pattinson appears to have excited suspicions of his disloyalty. A sufficient refutation of that charge is found in a well-known Jacobite ballad, 'The Mayor of Carlisle,' the first verses of which run as follows:—

PRINCE CHARLIE'S HOUSE, BRAMPTON.

'O Pattison! ohon! ohon!
Thou wonder of a Mayor!
Thou blest thy lot thou wert no Scot,
And blustered like a player—
What hast thou done with sword or gun
To baffle the Pretender?
Of mouldy cheese and bacon grease
Thou much more fit defender!

'O front of brass, and brain of ass,
With heart of hare compounded
How are thy boasts repaid with costs,
And all thy pride confounded!
Thou need'st not rave lest Scotland crave
Thy kindred or thy favour;
Thy wretched race can give no grace,
No glory thy behaviour.'

This ballad affords proof of Pattinson's loyalty. The Jacobites would never have treated a friend in such a scurrilous fashion.

Prince Charles now made Brampton his headquarters. The house he occupied in High Cross Street is still standing, and near by it is an old brick building known as 'the barracks,' in which some of his men, probably his Life Guards, were billeted.

'They came down the Lonning' (as the old Gelt road was at that time called), said old David Latimer,* when relating what he had heard in his youth from eye-witnesses of

* He died in 1881, aged eighty-four.

the Highlanders' arrival at Brampton, 'and took possession of the chapel, where a number of them ate, drank, and slept.'

There was at that time no other entrance into Brampton from Carlisle than down the Lonning, and to persons coming that way into the town the chapel of the almshouses, on the site of which now stands the parish church, would be almost the first large building which presented itself to their notice.

When at Brampton the less manageable among the Highlanders made themselves very objectionable, plundering and shooting the cattle belonging to the Earl of Carlisle and his tenants, despite the efforts of their commanders to restrain them.

Other places within easy reach of Brampton did not escape the attention of marauding Highlanders out in search of provender. Referring to these troublous times, a native of Cumrew, who is now long past the allotted span of three-score years and ten, told the author that he had still a distinct recollection of his grandmother telling him when a boy, how, on the approach of the Highlanders, her father drove the cattle from his small farmstead into the neighbouring woods to be out

of the way, while her mother collected such valuables as they possessed and hid them under the clothes in the child's cradle.

Precautionary measures of a somewhat different nature appear also to have been taken at this time, for it is related that many of the leading families in the county buried their ancestral plate, while churchwardens, in many places, concealed their Communion plate, as at Penrith, where the church accounts record 'expenses for securing church plate in Rebellion,' and at All Saints', Newcastle, the sum of five shillings was paid 'to gravedigger for concealing and secreting church plate.'

It would appear that the name Highlander struck terror to the hearts of the country womenfolk, for local records show that on the approach of the clansmen to the district, many of the mothers at once sent their children to a secluded shelter in the neighbourhood of Nether Denton, to be out of reach of the wild Highlandmen, who, it was said, would not scruple to eat up their tender offspring! Cameron of Lochiel, at one place where he stayed overnight, was told by the good lady of the house that 'everybody said the Highlanders ate children, and made them their

common food.' On his assuring her that they did nothing of the kind, she opened a large press, calling out with a loud voice, 'Come out, children, the gentlemen will not eat you!'

There is abundant evidence, if we are to believe the many stories handed down, that the Prince's followers made themselves quite at home with the warm-hearted Cumberland folks. On one occasion when Lord George Murray and his staff were out riding, they stopped at the farm of one, Gardner, at Westlinton, and as they sat at dinner some straggling Highlanders, with scant ceremony, walked in, but perceiving who were there, immediately backed out without a word. When Lord George and his party were leaving, they enquired of the farmer's wife what they had to pay. 'Oh, nothing,' said she. 'Well,' was his lordship's reply, 'I believe we have saved you more than we have got.' Host and hostess were no doubt of the same opinion.

Of the six weeks which the Prince's unfortunate expedition into England occupied, nearly one-half of the time was spent in Cumberland, and of a certainty one full week was spent at Brampton. It is more than probable that the old house now known as

'Prince Charlie's House,' with its fine oak staircase, characteristically built out at the back, witnessed some of the proudest moments in the Prince's eventful life.

The following is an account of the food consumed by the Prince and his party during the memorable week. This list of edibles is taken from his Household Book :—

November 12th.—At Brampton. Tuesday, to 4½ stone bife at 2d., 12s.; to 1 sheepe, 6s.; to 11¼ stone bife at 2d., £1 10s.,; to 2 sheepe, 14s.; to 10 poulets, 3s. 6d.; to 2 geese, 2s. 2d.; to 5 ducks, 3s. 4d.

November 13th.—At Brampton. Wednesday, Carlisle besieged by the Duke of Perth and his regiment.

November 14th.—At Brampton (when the Prince was at Brampton he went one day to Squire Warwick's house and dined there). Thursday, 3 chickens, 1s.; 12 ditto, 3s.; 4 ducks, 2s. 8d.; 4 hens, 2s. 6d.; 2 ducks, 1s. 4d.; 5 hens, 1s. 8d.; 5 chickens, 1s. 8d.; 3 ducks, 2s.; 3 hens, 2s.; 9 hens, 6s.; pd. for 77½ pd. butter at 4d., £1 5s. 10d.; pd. for 17 pd. ditto at 4½d., 6s. 4½d.

From the foregoing, it is evident that the Prince, unlike some of his plundering followers who did not scruple to shoot and carry off sheep and geese, regularly paid for all that he and his Life Guards consumed, such, indeed, being his usual custom.

As we have seen by the extract from the Household Book, the Prince when at Brampton paid a visit to Warwick Hall and dined there.

'This was no doubt on the 13th,' says Mounsey, 'when the muster was at Warwick Bridge.' The family at Warwick Hall were of the Roman Catholic faith, and at heart attached to the Stuarts, but at this critical time the Squire, like the generality of the English Jacobites, timidly held aloof, and, with more of prudence than chivalry, was out of the way. Not so his lady; indeed, by all accounts the ladies in general were much more decided than the gentlemen. Mrs. Warwick was daughter of Thomas Howard of Corby Castle, a family which had fought and bled for Charles the First, and had retained its ancient faith, religious and political, in spite of all reverses of fortune. Mr. Howard had been under suspicion in 1715, though nothing tangible could be then found against him. His huntsman, Oliver Hamilton, was out with Lord Derwentwater, was taken and confined in Lancaster Castle for six years, and it was supposed that he could have implicated his master, but he faithfully resisted all solicitations to turn King's evidence. Mrs. Warwick, inheriting her father's sympathies, cordially hailed Charles Edward when he visited Warwick Hall; she received him in the 'Oak Parlour,' and entertained him with such

shew of genuine affection and loyalty, that the young Prince, touched by the contrast it afforded with the cold backwardness of those from whom he probably had received invitations and promises of support, observed that these were the first Christian people he had met with since he passed the Border. At parting Mrs. Warwick was heard to exclaim, 'May God bless him!'

That Prince Charles was full of confident expectation of being joined by large numbers of English Jacobites, which no doubt justified to his mind the tremendous risk he had taken in invading England, is made abundantly evident in a letter written from Brampton to Lord Barrymore, a staunch and wealthy Jacobite in Cheshire. 'We are now a numerous army,' writes the Prince under date November 11th, 'and are laying siege to Carlisle this day, which we are sure cannot hold out long. After that we intend to take our route straight for London, and if things answer our expectations we design to be in Cheshire before the 24th inst. Then I hope you and all my friends in that county will be ready to join us. For now is the time, or never.'

CHAPTER VI.

THE SIEGE OF CARLISLE.

Word having arrived that Wade had retreated to Newcastle, the Prince resolved to advance on Carlisle and lay siege to the city. So, on the morning of Wednesday, the 13th November, several regiments left Brampton with instructions to wait for the Prince at Warwick Bridge. The Highlanders took with them from Brampton and district all the joiners they could lay hands on, and these unfortunate craftsmen were compelled to cut down young trees to furnish the army with scaling ladders, as not a ladder could be found in the neighbourhood, these having been brought into the Castle by order of Colonel Durand before the rebels crossed the Border. One of these men, John Howard by name, died in 1821, and the *Carlisle Patriot* of February 24th contained the following paragraph :— 'This venerable man worked sixty years in the employment of the Earl of Carlisle, and daily

walked to his labour a distance of three miles till he was ninety-six, and was generally the first man on the spot. During the rebellion of 1745 he was pressed by the rebels, who conveyed him to Corby, and there compelled him to make ladders, with which they designed to scale the walls of Carlisle. Whilst engaged in this employment he saw Prince Charlie, and picked up from various sources considerable information as to that young adventurer's operation, which he was fond of relating to the day of his death.'

At one o'clock Prince Charles, with his Guards, Lord George Murray, and the Duke of Perth, arrived at Warwick Bridge and formed his men into marching order. The Highland army now moved forward till they came within sight of the city, when the army again halted. The Prince then returned with his Guards to Brampton, and the seven regiments continued their march to Carlisle, where they arrived about three o'clock in the afternoon.

Lord George Murray immediately established his quarters at Harraby towards the south, the villages and roads around the city were occupied, and a vigorous blockade commenced.

The Duke of Perth, with his regiment, remained quietly till evening towards the south-eastern side, and when darkness set in the Highlanders began to entrench themselves, under cover of a thorn hedge, within 200 yards of the city wall. This work was very unwillingly taken up by the men, and it was tolerably clear that clan jealousies and dissensions in the ranks of the Highlanders as to who should be called on to furnish the men for the trenches were only too rife. Several of the regiments selected for the blockade refused to expose themselves on night duty or within gunshot of the city except in turn with the rest of the army. In an endeavour to break down these petty jealousies and to encourage the men, both the Duke of Perth and the Marquis of Tullibardine pulled off their coats and set vigorously to work in the trenches. Their tactful action had little effect in bringing about a better feeling, the effects of which had already made itself felt in higher circles, and Lord George Murray, finding the advice of the Duke of Perth preferred to his own, tendered the resignation of his command. The Prince at first accepted this resignation, but, following the immediate success before the city walls, it

was withdrawn. Lord George's letter to his brother, the Marquis of Tullibardine, written from Harraby at this time, makes it abundantly clear that discord prevailed at a time when unanimity of action was most needed.

'I posted the men in the villages,' he writes on the morning after the besieging force had commenced operation, 'so as to stop the communication to and from Carlisle, according to the note I gave to his Royal Highness, but I believe there must be some alteration this day, for I think of calling Shian from Butcherby (where there is no occasion for a party) to reinforce this post and that commanded by Lord Nairn, as both will be pretty much exposed if the enemy should attempt to sally, and as they will be some miles distant from one another, so that no succour could go in from the one post to the other, and quite at a distance from the rest of the army.

'Lord Nairn, who is now at Blackhall, must go to some place nearer Carlisle, and upon the road from thence to Whitehaven; but I can say nothing certain till the places be viewed this day after daylight.

'I am sorry to find that it is impossible to go on so quick with the battery of cannon as

would have been wished. By the report of those I sent there the ground is marshy, and vastly too much exposed; and notwithstanding all the pains taken by the Duke of Perth, who is indefatigable in that service and who meets with unnumberable difficulties, I suspect the place pitched upon will not answer. But if the thing be prosecuted, I think it is my duty to tell you, so as you may represent it to his Royal Highness, that the men posted upon the blockade of Carlisle will not expose themselves either in trenches or all night in the open air within cannon shot, or even musket shot, of the town, except it be in their turn with the rest of the army, and that to be decided by lot who to mount that guard, first night, second, and so on. The way I would propose, if it be approved of by a council of war, is as follows: that fifty men be drafted out of each of the battalions that are at Brampton with proper officers, and at least two majors out of the six battalions, and be sent to quarter at Butcherby, which I believe is within a mile of the battery; and as I suppose 150 men will mount guard at the battery, these six battalions will furnish two guards; your men will furnish one, General Gordon and Lord Ogilvie's

one, which in whole makes four guards or reliefs, and I think by that time the town will be either taken or the blockade removed. I don't mention the Duke of Perth's regiment, because they have more than their turn of the duty already, besides furnishing workmen, &c.; and for Colonel John Roy Stewart's regiments I suppose they have the guard of the equipage, &c., and they will perhaps be better able to furnish some workmen. If anything can be done of this nature, the sooner I hear of it the better.'

It is quite evident from the dispositions of the invading army that assault by escalade was intended, and that the prospect of a bloodless victory did not for one moment approach the verge of their most sanguine hopes. At that time the road from Brampton, after crossing the bridge over the River Petteril, turned sharply to the left and continued till its junction with the London Road to the north of Harraby Hill. The large expanse of land on the eastern side of the city, stretching between the road to the south and the River Eden, consisted, for the greater part, of pasture land, intersected by hedges marking off the fields belonging to the

farming fraternity, whose mean dwellings abutted upon the city walls. The trenches thrown up by the Highlanders would run from the vicinity of the new General Post Office, in Warwick Road, to the point where Lonsdale Street now is.

In the meantime, terrible were the stories circulated among the inhabitants of Carlisle setting forth the conduct of the rebels. It was said that the Highlanders shot at everybody who attempted to leave the city, that the whole countryside was put under military law, and that the severest punishments were to be inflicted upon all within the city if they continued their resistance. Word was also conveyed to the garrison that the rebels were perfectly well aware that there was nothing to fear from Marshal Wade, who was at too great a distance to bring them the longed-for deliverance.

There is little doubt, had the garrison been enabled to continue their resistance, the siege would have been abandoned, as the artillery of the Highland army was altogether too feeble to do any vital execution, even against the tottering walls of Carlisle. To the initiated it was obvious that the officer in command of

the battery, which was perceived by those citizens who did indeed sum up courage to climb to the top of the old Citadel, was too wary a gentleman to show his hand by wasting ammunition, lest they in the city should observe the calibre of their cannon, and so not a shot did he fire!

The experience of a defender of Carlisle is graphically told by the Rev. Henry Whitehead,* Vicar of Brampton, in his 'Brampton in 1745.' The subject is none other than the famous Robert Bowman, whose epitaph in Irthington churchyard states that 'He died 18th June, 1823, at the patriarchal age of 119 years.' 'The cannon balls were coming rattling into the town from Stanwix Bank like hail,' he said, 'and besides, we were starving of hunger. For my part I had nothing but a basin of broth during three days, so in the night I scrambled over the city wall and cut off for home.' To the late Dr. Thomas Barnes, who took a great interest in the case, he gave a different account of the length of his stay with the militia, for, laughing heartily, old Bowman confessed that he remained among

* In a later paper, however, Mr. Whitehead shows that when Bowman died, in 1823, he would be only 95 years old.

the soldiers only one night and ran away as soon as he could. It may be thought that a discrepancy of a day or two between his accounts of the length of his stay at Carlisle is of no great matter. Perhaps not; but what are we to think of his 'cannon balls rattling into the town like hail,' when we read the following statement of one of the besiegers, and find it confirmed by history? 'We did not discharge a single shot, lest the garrison should become acquainted with the smallness of their calibre, which might have encouraged them to defend themselves.'* Either, then, Bowman's memory was not as good as had been thought, or he was somewhat given to romancing.

On the morning of Friday, the 15th, the trenches were pushed to within eighty yards of the wall, and the spiritless garrison renewed their fire on the kilted foe, who replied with wild derisive huzzas, their bonnets held high aloft at the end of their trenching spades.

Meanwhile, pandemonium reigned within the city walls, despite the earnest entreaties of the faithful Durand that every one should go about their duties without alarm, assuring

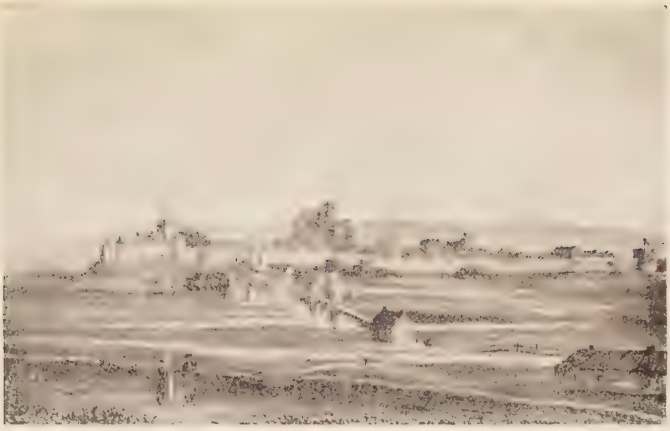
* Chevalier Johnstone.

them that they had nothing to fear from the rebels, that they were in a very good condition to defend themselves, and that if they would continue to behave with the same spirit and resolution they had hitherto shown, the rebels would never capture the city. It was all of no avail; the militia, whose duty it was to stand by the inhabitants and defend the city, deserted their posts, threw down their arms, and declared, so far as they were concerned, fighting was over. There and then they retired to their mess-room at the King's Arms and drew up a document, to which most of the officers set their names. 'The militia of the countys of Cumberland and Westmoreland,' it declared, 'having come voluntarily into the city of Carlisle for the defence of the said city, and having for six days and six nights successively been upon duty in expectation of relief from His Majesty's forces, but it appearing that no such relief is to be had, and ourselves not able to do duty or hold out any longer, are determined to capitulate, and do certify that Colonel Durand, Captain Gilpin, and the rest of the officers have well and faithfully done their duty.'

On Colonel Durand having this paper

placed in his hands, he immediately repaired to where the militia officers were assembled, and in a last endeavour remonstrated with them not to think of giving up when there was so little appearance of any real danger. They would listen to neither reason nor argument, and the majority of the officers insisted that they were resolved to treat with the enemy for themselves. This information was given out to the inhabitants, so that if they desired to be included in the capitulation they had an opportunity of doing so.

It was now hopeless to expect support from the militia, and consternation prevailed among the townsmen. Ultimately an irregular meeting was held in the Town Hall to consider what was to be done. The result showed that the majority of those present were in favour of holding the Castle, and in the evening the more courageous of the townsmen crossed the dilapidated drawbridge of the Castle and passed through the main gateway, accompanied by some of the militia, who were induced to join them. Hasty preparations were immediately begun, the guns along the city wall were spiked, while provisions, fuel, and valuables were collected and taken into the Castle, in



(1) VIEW OF CARLISLE FROM PRIMROSE BANK.
Showing the approach to the Irish Gate.

(2) HIGHMORE HOUSE.
Occupied by Prince Charles and the Duke of Cumberland when at Carlisle.

readiness for a prolonged siege. Even then all might have gone well had not the courage of the valiant militia gradually melted away during the night. They again deserted their posts, forced their way out of the Castle, enticing the citizens with them, and by daybreak, on the morning of the 15th of November, Colonel Durand was left with eighty 'invalids' and a handful of loyal townsmen to defend the Castle.

The messenger who had been sent to Brampton by the militia to ask Prince Charles for terms of surrender for the town, returned about ten o'clock with the intelligence 'that he would grant no terms to the town, nor treat about it at all unless the Castle was surrendered; likewise, if that was done, all should have honourable terms, the inhabitants should be protected in their persons and estates, and every one be at liberty to go where they pleased.'

The Prince's reply, following so soon in the wake of the terrifying stories already circulated of the merciless punishment to be meted out to all within the city, conveyed to the harassed citizens terms of release far beyond anything they could have imagined possible,

and there was now a general clamour for surrender, the terms of which were:—'The City and Castle were to be given up. The men should lay down their arms in the Market Place, after which they would be free on parole not to bear arms against the house of Stuart for twelve months.' Colonel Durand, realising the impossibility of holding the Castle with four-score 'invalid' soldiers against the whole Highland army, was driven in despair to give way, and the Duke of Perth entered and took possession of the town and Castle.

The conduct of the militia in the surrender of a walled and garrisoned city with its Castle, artillery, and stores before a battery was raised against it is difficult to explain, nor can there be found a parallel to it in the history of the rebellion of the '45, save in the unaccountable behaviour of the flying dragoons of Gardiner at the battle of Preston Pans.

The militia, all told, numbered 700, and the townsmen capable of bearing arms another 400, while Wade's trained and disciplined army, hastening to their relief, was less than two days' march from Carlisle. It is true, that ere the white flag was hung out over the city wall, every man under arms was utterly worn

out by continual duty night and day, but in this they were only reaping the fruits of their own mutinous conduct. From the first the militia had absolutely refused to be organised into reliefs, consequently, when the climax arrived, men and officers alike, with one or two exceptions, had no spirit left within them; they were now unfit to stand the strain of a siege, with the result that they fell victims to every suspicion of alarm, and freely mixing with the townspeople carried the germ of infection with them, which, as we have seen, produced an indelible blot on the page of history which the passing of well-nigh two centuries has not effaced. Still, if this crowd of undisciplined, half-trained militiamen is to be arraigned at the bar of history and unjustly condemned as cowards and traitors, let not a criminally negligent Government, whose business it was to make every preparation for the coming onslaught of which they received timely intelligence, escape unpunished. Although warned of the utter lack of preparation, and appealed to for an adequate military force to defend a city of such importance, all that an all-wise Government sent was a skilful officer, Colonel Durand, to take command of the

King's 'Forces.' The calamitous result is already known; but let the gallant Durand tell in his own words what transpired during the fateful days that preceded the capitulation:—'The following is a short but true account of the manner in which the rebels became possessed of Carlisle:—*

"Saturday, Nov. 9th, the rebels first appeared before Carlisle, and November 14th, in the morning, I received a message in writing, signed by the officers of the Militia of Cumberland and Westmorland, acquainting me that having been lately extremely fatigued with duty in expectation of relief from His Majesty's force, and it appearing that no such relief is now likely to be had, and not being able to do duty or hold out any longer, they were determined to capitulate. Upon which I immediately went to them with Capt. Gilpin and the rest of the officers of the 'Invalids' and did all that lay in my power to persuade them to change so rash a resolution by representing the fatal consequences that might attend it, and the dishonour of treating with rebels whilst they were in a condition of

* Letter from Col. Durand to General Folliot, November 20th, 1745.

defending themselves, and solemnly protesting that I would never join in so unworthy an action; and some of them have taken notice of an intrenchment which the rebels were that morning throwing up about 300 yards distance from the citadel. I answered that I had carefully viewed the intrenchment they spoke of, and thought it was at too great a distance to be of any great consequence; and, besides, as it was not usual to carry on works in the day time, I imagined it was only done to intimidate the garrison, assuring them that, if they would but stand by me, it was my opinion that we might defend both the city and the Castle for some considerable time longer against the whole of the force of the rebels, as by the best accounts we had of them they had no cannon large enough to make a breach, and they knew all the ladders within seven miles around had been brought into the city, but they still continued firm to their resolution, alleging that several of their men had deserted the preceding night over the walls, and the rest were so fatigued and intimidated that they could not much depend on them, and therefore they would send to capitulate immediately, for should they defer it till

next morning the city might probably be stormed that night and they all put to the sword; and then sent to the Mayor to see if he would join with them. The Mayor upon that applied to me to know what I would do; I told him I was determined to defend both the city and the Castle as long as I could. He answered he would do the same, but the militia still persisted in their resolution, and said if the Mayor and inhabitants would not join with them they would send and capitulate for themselves upon the best terms they could get. This struck such a panic into some of the townspeople that they desired the Mayor would summon the inhabitants at the Town Hall to consult what was proper to be done, which he immediately did, and the opinion of the majority then present was to defend the town; but the militia still persisting in their resolution to capitulate, the townspeople at last agreed to join with them and to send away to the rebels to desire a capitulation. Upon which myself, Capt. Gilpin, and the rest of the officers of the "Invalids," after protesting against it in the most solemn manner, retired into the Castle with the two companies of "Invalids" and about 400 other men, who all

said they would join with me in defending the Castle to the last; but before 8 o'clock the next morning they changed their resolution, and all left us to a man. Before I entered the Castle, and before the Mayor and the officers of the militia could send out to capitulate, I took care to nail up ten pieces of cannon from 4 to 2 pounders that were placed upon the ramparts of the town, which, being light and easily moved, might, as I apprehended, have been of great service to the rebels. I had also taken care to lay in the Castle a sufficient quantity of provisions.

'Nov. 15. About 10 o'clock in the morning most of the principal inhabitants and officers of the militia came to me to acquaint me that they had received an answer from the rebels that, unless the Castle was surrendered at the same time with the town, they would immediately destroy the city with fire and put all the inhabitants and militia, without distinction, to the sword, and desiring for God's sake that we would take it into consideration, and that the garrison of the Castle might march out with all military honours and both officers and men be at liberty to go wherever they pleased. I told them I would call a council

of war, and then we would give them an answer.'

A council of war was accordingly summoned, and the Cumberland and Westmorland Militia having refused to defend the Castle, and that as the Mayor and inhabitants had already treated with the rebels, who refused to listen to them without the surrender of the Castle, it was therefore thought advisable, the Castle not being tenable, that it be abandoned.

'I know nothing of the terms of the capitulation,' continues Colonel Durand, 'as I had no hand in it, but on the contrary, solemnly protested against it; nor have I so much as seen it. . . . As myself and the rest of the officers of the garrison flatter ourselves that we have done all that lay in our power for His Majesty's service for the preservation of the city and Castle of Carlisle, we hope we shall have the honour of your approbation, which will be an infinite pleasure to us all.'

In due course Durand did receive the approbation of General John Folliot, his superior officer, who, though Governor of Carlisle, had not passed through its gates for seven years, but was content to sit snug at London while a rebel army swooped down and

harried the city he was supposed to govern. And what of the name of Colonel James Durand on the page of history? The memory of the brave defender of Carlisle, and the gallant little band of loyal citizens and trusty soldiers who faithfully stood by him to the last, receives the well-merited applause of each succeeding generation; and rightly so, for their conduct alone stands out in history as the only bright spot during the dark days of a memorable siege, which, alas, culminated in an unfortunate surrender.

It is a remarkable fact that at the close of the siege, wherein no little amount of shot and shell was expended, the capitulation of Carlisle was effected by the loss of only one man—a rebel. He lost his life through the bursting of a city gun, which had been spiked by the inhabitants.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PRINCE ENTERS CARLISLE.

On the 16th of November a great concourse of people assembled in the Market Square of Carlisle to witness a ceremony which, had they known it, was fated to become historic. Already many who had borne the strain of the last few weeks had taken their departure at the first opportunity presented to them. Colonel Durand, his task over, bade a melancholy farewell to the city which had been committed to his trust five short weeks before, and rode off to Bowes, on the borders of Yorkshire, to prepare his report to General Folliot, an extract of which was given in the previous chapter. Dr. Waugh, the Chancellor of Carlisle, who had figured so conspicuously from the first, had quitted the town and gone across Stainmore to Barnard Castle, in order, as he said, to keep clear of the Highlanders. To the care of the faithful Wardale, his curate, the Chancellor had entrusted the keeping of his goods and chattels, as well as the remnant of

his scattered flock. There were others—lesser lights, perhaps—who sought refuge nearer home; others still would fain have shunned the limelight which glared ahead had it been possible to escape the indignity, but they had duties to perform, which they little dreamed would one day fall to their lot when they took office in the piloting of the affairs of the city.

Every point of vantage in the vicinity was already taken up, while the less fortunate sightseers must needs be content to be hustled in the Square by the Highlanders, who, now that the city was theirs, mixed freely with the inhabitants. Presently, from the Town Hall, there emerged the Mayor and civil officers in their robes, with sword and mace, followed by the Duke of Perth and his retinue. An avenue was immediately opened in the crowd to allow the stately procession to pass to the steps of the Cross in the centre of the Market Place, where, amid the tumultuous huzzas of the invaders, the Duke of Perth proclaimed King James III, and the health of Prince Charles Edward Stuart was liberally drunk. It is said that on this occasion Mr. Joseph Dacre of Kirklinton Hall, who had commanded the troop of horse in the city, and a staunch supporter

of Durand to the end, deliberately proposed the health of King George.

The climax of the indignity placed on the shoulders of the unwilling city fathers was, however, not yet reached. The newly-appointed Mayor, Mr. Backhouse, accompanied by the Town Clerk and other prominent members of the Corporation, had now perforce to proceed to the headquarters of the Prince at Brampton, where, on bended knee, they presented the keys of the city to the Young Chevalier.

Mr. G. Hetherington, of Brampton, who died in 1881, at the age of eighty-three, often spoke of his grandmother, who died in 1813, at the age of eighty-nine, describing the crowds and commotion in High Cross Street on that occasion. Among those present was Margaret Ewing, one of the girls who, for the love of the white cockade, had followed Prince Charlie and his friends from Scotland. About Margaret Ewing there is a tale to unfold; she voluntarily chose to be 'the girl they left behind them,' and married John Richardson, who came of the ancient yeoman family of the Richardsons of Easby. Margaret Ewing died in 1813, aged eighty-four, leaving the estate to her grandson on the condition that he caused

to be inscribed on her tombstone the following epitaph :—

'Here rest my old bones; my vexation now ends;
I have lived far too long for myself and my friends.
As for churchyards and grounds which the parsons call holy,
'Tis a rank piece of priestcraft, and founded in folly;
In short I despise them; and as for my soul,
It may rise the last day with my bones from this hole;
But about the next world I ne'er troubled my pate;
If no better than this, I beseech thee, O Fate,
When millions of bodies rise up in a riot,
O pray, let the bones of old Margaret lie quiet!'

Needless to say, the Church dignitaries were shocked at such rank infidelity, and the lines were ordered by the Chancellor of that day to be replaced by a more orthodox epitaph. As a matter of fact, it is stated that the Chancellor himself hastened to Brampton and actually stood over the mason, George Rowell by name, until he obliterated the objectionable lines with mallet and chisel.

A personage of no small importance in the neighbourhood who, like Margaret Ewing, did not return with the Highlanders when they re-crossed the Border was Lachlan Murray. Being very reserved about his private history, nothing ever became known of his antecedents beyond the bare fact of his having come from

Scotland in the '45. It was always a matter of speculation whether he left the Highland army during the siege of Carlisle or on the retreat over the Border; at all events he never again returned to Scotland, but settled down at Irthington, two and a half miles from Brampton, where he kept a school, taught land-surveying, and carried out the duties of Parish Clerk. He attained the age of eighty in 1801. Lachlan must have gained some considerable reputation for versatility of talent, for, according to the vestry minutes of 1788, he was commissioned to prepare a plan for a new church. Nor is it necessary to suppose, because no new church was built, that he proved unequal to the occasion, for the prudent vestry, while preferring a more economical plan, showed unabated confidence in him by requesting him to prepare 'rates, advertisements, &c., for repairing' the old church. 'The worst thing known about him,' says the Rev. H. Whitehead, 'is that he could not, or at all events did not, prevent his wife, who kept a small grocer's shop, from using the leaves of the parish register as wrappers for tea, cheese, and tobacco.' There is, therefore, now no register at Irthington of earlier

date than 1704, and there is a gap from 1722 to 1729.

During those troublous times the lot of the parsons does not seem to have been a pleasant one; what with loyalty to the existing house of Hanover on the one hand, and being compelled to pray for the Stuarts on the other, they were in a strait betwixt the two contending forces. The problem was solved by the Presbyterian minister, for we find it recorded by himself, 'Brampton, November 10th and 17th :—No sermon the minr. being out of ye town because ye rebels were in it.' The predecessor of that Presbyterian minister would not have been out of the town for such a reason; the Rev. Israel Bennett had become the Presbyterian minister of the Fisher Street congregation, Carlisle, where he protested with all vigour and vehemence against the surrender of the city, and is specially commended by Chancellor Waugh as having behaved with coolness and resolution.

On Monday, the 18th of November, the Mayor and Corporation again assembled to greet the Prince when he made his triumphant entry into Carlisle. Mounted on a white horse and surrounded by a brilliant staff, Prince

Charles Edward passed through the city gates to the accompaniment of a rousing Jacobite tune lustily played by 100 pipers, who led the way.

The capture of Carlisle created a tremendous sensation throughout the country, the voice of which was not slow to condemn the defenders for what appeared to be abject cowardice; but it aroused the Government to the realisation of the gross blunder perpetrated in the sheer neglect of a fortress of such strategic importance, which permitted the invader to march unchecked into England. On the other hand, it was a fortunate circumstance for the cause of Prince Charles, for, apart from the moral effect it would have on his army, it helped to stimulate the spirit of wavering Jacobites.

The capitulation of Carlisle provided the invaders with a convenient base for communication with Scotland, and a sure point to retreat upon in case of reverse. It also provided the Jacobite army with a much-needed supply of arms, ammunition, a number of cannon, a large quantity of military stores, and over 200 horses.

When at Carlisle, the Prince established himself at the house of Mr. Charles Highmore,

PRINCE CHARLIE IN CARLISLE.

From a water-colour painting by Joseph Simpson, R.B.A.

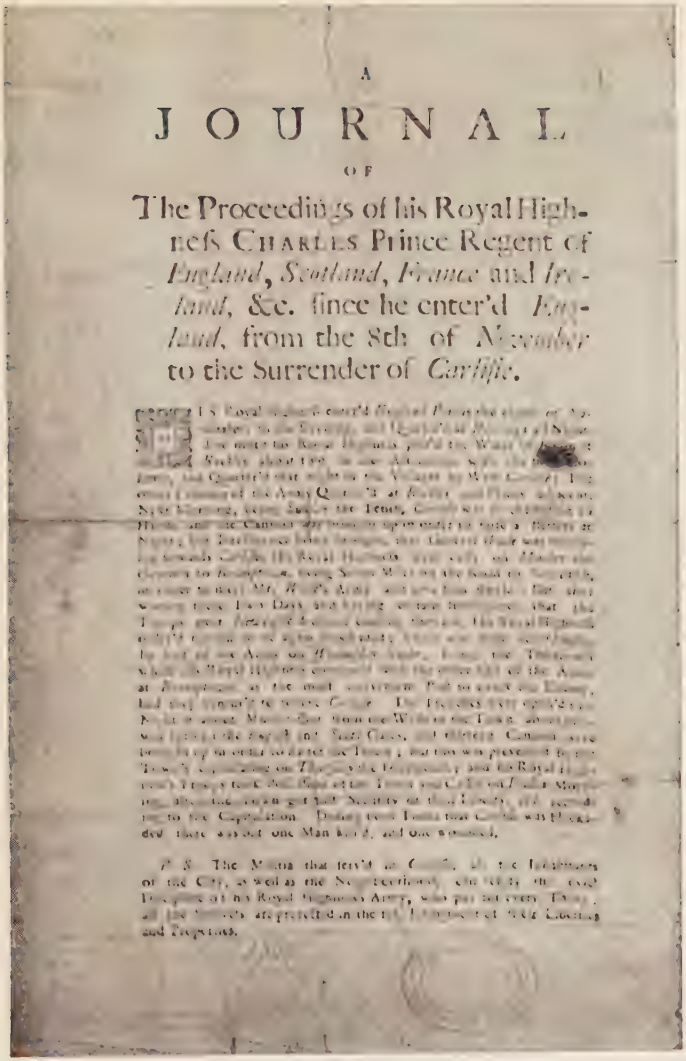
attorney-at-law. This was a large white-fronted house on the west side of English Street, and stood a few yards back from the main thoroughfare. The entrance was by an archway in the centre of the building, of sufficient width for a carriage-drive, which led through to the garden behind, extending to Blackfriars Street. The house, at one time called 'The Earl's Inn,' was large and commodious, and in former times had been the town residence of the Earls of Egremont and other nobility. Access to the house was obtained through the archway, above which was a large bay window of the drawing room on the first floor. Scarcely a vestige of the old residence now remains, the entire block of buildings having been converted into business premises. The archway which formed the entrance to the mansion house is now known as Barwise Court, a narrow thoroughfare (at one time the garden) communicating with Blackfriars Street. The building, now a large business establishment the property of Messrs. W. Wright & Sons, is still known as Highmore House.

Mr. Highmore and his wife continued to reside in the house during the Prince's occupation, and the owner had no reason to complain

of the treatment he received, for we learn from the Prince's Household Book 'that he received twenty guineas for the mere use of it during four days, tho' he furnished nothing—not so much as coal or candle'; neither did it affect his appetite, for we are also informed that, besides this liberal payment, he had every day two dishes of meat at dinner and as many at supper for himself and his wife at the Prince's charge.

The terms of the capitulation were faithfully and honourably fulfilled by the invading army, and we do not find that the inhabitants of Carlisle had much to complain of, there being no record of plunder or violence having been committed during the Highlanders' stay in the city. Leave was given to remove from the Castle such personal effects as had been hurriedly deposited there for safe keeping. Further proof of good behaviour is found in the fact that many of the inhabitants who fled at the approach of the Highlanders quickly returned to their homes in the city.

Prince Charles remained at Carlisle four days, and on Friday, the 22nd, he took his departure south, leaving in the Castle a garrison of between 100 and 200 men under



A

JOURNAL

OF

The Proceedings of his Royal Highneſs CHARLES Prince Regent of *England*, *Scotland*, *France* and *Ireland*, &c. ſince he enter'd *England*, from the 8th of *November* to the Surrender of *Carliſle*.

P. S. The Manner that ſerv'd as Chaplain, at the Interceſſion of the City, as well as the Negotiations, and Treaty with the Royal Troops at his Royal Highneſs's Arrival, was put on every Tower, all the Streets are proclaim'd in the Name of the Prince Regent, Liberty and Property.

BROADSIDE ISSUED BY PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART

Photograph of the original document now in Tullie House, by permission of the Carlisle Public Library and Museum Committee.

See page 263.

the command of Captain John Hamilton, with Sir John Arbuthnot, an officer in the French service, as Governor of the city. The new Governor took up residence in the house of Mr. Tullie, in Abbey Street, now the property of the Corporation, who have converted the house and adjacent property into the present commodious buildings, fronting Castle Street, known as Tullie House, in which are housed the Free Library, Museum, and School of Art.

The departure of the Prince, arrayed in Highland costume and marching on foot at the head of his army, as he set out on his ill-fated journey south, presented a brilliant spectacle. Spectators from far and near lined the road leading from Carlisle, and occupied the hill-tops that they might see the troops march past; 'and in after-times many an old matron was there who could tell how in her young days she had mounted her pony and hastened to Barrock Fell to witness the march of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" and his gallant band.'

We may now take leave of the Prince for a short time as he leaves the city, flushed with victory, and standing beside the old Citadel, near the present Court Houses and opposite the

main entrance to the railway station, we are able to see the long files of rugged Highland men as they wend their way towards Harraby and disappear over Gallows Hill. Alas! before this ill-starred chapter of history closed, the cruel gibbet at 'Harrabie' claimed not a few of their number.

During the Prince's stay in the neighbourhood an incident is recalled of a visit paid by a party of Highlanders to Rose Castle, a few miles from Carlisle, the official residence of Sir George Fleming, who was then Bishop of Carlisle. The party drew up at the gates for the purpose of collecting supplies; they were prevailed upon to refrain from entering by the entreaties of an old grey-headed servant, who ran out and informed their leader, Captain MacDonald, that the lady of the house—a daughter of the Bishop—had just given birth to a daughter, and any noise or alarm might occasion the death of both mother and child. The gallant captain, hearing that the baby was about to be christened, took the white cockade from his bonnet and requested that it might be pinned to the child's dress, with the assurance that it would be an effectual safeguard against any straggling body of High-

landers who might otherwise molest the house. 'Now,' said MacDonald, 'we will await the ceremony in silence.' The Highlanders did as promised, and later, going into the courtyard, were set down to a sumptuous feast, finally going off without the least disturbance. The child who received the gage of Highland protection was Rosemary Dacre, whose father, Joseph Dacre of Kirklinton Hall, as has already been stated, was in command of the troop of horse in Carlisle during the siege. She afterwards became the wife of Sir John Clerk of Penicuik, who sent her version of the story to the publishers of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' in 1817. Sir Walter Scott, who as a boy knew the heroine and often visited Penicuik, relates that Lady Clerk 'still wears the cockade which was pinned on her breast with a white rose as a kindred decoration.' The cockade was preserved, and its proud wearer was wont to declare that it was ever a reminder to respect the Scotch, and Highlanders in particular.

When George IV, seventy-six years afterwards, visited Edinburgh, the venerable lady, on being introduced to the monarch at his desire, narrated the romantic incident of the day of her birth and produced the Jacobite

relic, MacDonald's white cockade of the fatal '45.

From traditions handed down it would seem that few houses of the county gentry, in the neighbourhood of Carlisle, escaped the attention of marauding Highlanders during the occupation of the city by the Jacobite army. The fine old mansion of Newbiggin Hall, now the residence of Major Ronald N. Carr, M.C., bears evidence of a visit paid by some of Prince Charlie's men, where there is a chimney-jamb broken, it is said, by the over-heating of a roaring fire made during a temporary tenure of the place by a party of Highlanders.

CARLISLE TOWN HALL IN 1745.

SELKIRK

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DEPARTURE FROM CARLISLE.

We left the Prince's army flushed with success and full of confidence as it passed through the southern gate of the city. They advanced in two columns, the line of march being through Penrith, Shap, Kendal, and Lancaster to Preston, where they arrived on the 27th. That march into England was disastrous; the country had been reported as seething with disaffection and ready to join arms with the invaders, but jealousies and dissentions arose, and English Jacobites were too wary to join a doubtful cause. A council of war held at Carlisle, to obtain the opinion of the officers in the matter, resulted in some being in favour of remaining where they were till the arrival of reinforcements, whilst others voted for returning at once to Scotland. On Lord George Murray being referred to, he expressed his opinion that it would be rash to advance further into England without more tangible encouragement than they had already received, yet, if the Prince

was determined to go forward, the army, small though it was, would follow him.

The whole force numbered under 5,000 men, and though on the line of march the people flocked in great numbers to offer the clansmen their good wishes, there were few indeed who could be persuaded to join them. Truly, if anything could show Charles Edward, in spite of the enthusiasm of the past few weeks, how slight was the hold his cause possessed, he had but to regard the lukewarm reception he received from those he had hoped would meet him with open arms in the country through which he was passing. Disappointment now blighted the success of yesterday; and yet, if anything could have animated the dulled spirits of his followers it was the conduct of the young Prince. Marching on foot at the head of any clan with whom occasion might at the moment place him, he rarely, if ever, availed himself of the luxuries his position permitted him to enjoy; he seldom entered his carriage, insisting that it should be used by some of the older chieftains, who, though they dropped not a word of complaint, were now almost past enduring the hardships of the vigorous campaign through which they were

passing. When there was a river to cross the Prince was the first man that leaped into it; he dined with his soldiers in the open field, and at night he slept on the ground wrapped in his plaid. The commendable example of their young leader not only encouraged and inspired the Highland clansmen to bear the hardships and fatigue of the bitter march south, but at once silenced any grumbling which might arise in the ranks.

Before the arrival of the Highland army at Penrith, a melancholy little band, prominent amongst whom was Colonel Durand with some militia officers and a straggling crowd of civilians, passed through the town. Their stay was necessarily of brief duration, but ere they were allowed to pass on many anxious enquiries were pressed upon the dispirited remnant regarding the besieged city they had just quitted. 'Durand complains that if he had not been forsaken he could have held out a month,' writes a Barnard Castle correspondent who had ridden across Stainmore and was present when the defender of Carlisle reached Penrith. The Duke of Perth, they said, had allowed them an escort to Penrith. The greater number were on foot, their horses

having been taken care of by the victorious Highlanders, 'the light horse having lost all their horses and accoutrements.' The weather, however, was not altogether unfavourable, so that they were able to complete the journey without a great amount of physical discomfort, even after the privations of the past few weeks.

The town had scarcely been clear of the unhappy remainder of the Carlisle garrison before a party of 100 horsemen made their appearance in Penrith, and immediately set to work making elaborate preparations for the rebel army, which, they said, would soon be in the town. 'They came with their linen wet but not smoothed,' wrote the very observant correspondent of Lord Irwin, the West Riding Lord-Lieutenant, who was kept almost daily posted up with news of the rebels' movements. 'They have ordered in hay and corn from all the gentlemen's houses near Penrith, part of which has been complied with. In taking down the villages round this town they declared that Lowther, Greystoke, and Hutton were at too great a distance for quartering any of their men at, and so struck them out of their lists.' The amiable scribe then switches from the military to the domestic, and tells

his lordship something of the vicissitudes which follow in the wake of the prudent Dr. Waugh and his friends. 'I left Hutton Hall this morn,' he continues, 'in possession of Mr. Tullie, Mr. Chancellor Waugh and his lady. They were yesterday on their route to Barnard Castle, but driven into Hutton by bad weather, and now confined there.'

The size of the Jacobite force did not always agree with the demands made for accommodation, as will be gathered from the following letter sent by express to Lord Lonsdale from Penrith :—'At three this afternoon came here a quartermaster belonging to the rebels to bespeak billets for two squadron of horse, which he said would be 250, and for 8,000 men against to-morrow. The horse which came in here did not exceed half the number, as they were counted by several people.'

Much valuable information, comprising a large number of letters, extracts of which have already been given, relating to the doings of the rebel army during their sojourn through the counties of Cumberland and Westmorland, is now in the possession of the Hon. F. Lindley Wood, and preserved at Temple Newsham, Yorkshire. The letters form an almost com-

plete narrative of events from the eve of Preston Pans to the morrow of Culloden. Henry, the seventh Viscount Irwin, was Lord-Lieutenant of the West Riding during the '45, and as it was not certain by which route the Highland army would invade England, Lord Irwin took care to keep himself well informed from the surest available source. So far as Cumberland was concerned, this was Thomas Richardson, postmaster of Penrith, who must have proved an invaluable correspondent, as was also the unnamed postmaster of Brough. There seems to have been some system of these officials sending information to one another and then distributing it among the gentry, magistrates, and others interested. Many of them were obviously duplicates, in effect though not in detail, which explains what at first seems like repetition. They add to the known local circumstances in some details. In the collection referred to there are two undated and unaddressed letters concerning the Highland army, apparently written before the southward march. In the first the Highlanders are described as 'strong, well fed, and in high spirits,' and also as 'desperadoes.' The writer of one of these epistles considers that 'two or

three thousand tars with swords would be fit for them, to fight pell mell as they do, or a band with pitchforks to have them run through before they come within the sword's length.'

'The Highland army is swarming here all this day like bees,' states John Cowper in a letter written from Penrith at 'past 12 at noon' on November 21st, and addressed to the postmaster of Brough. 'Those we had last night are all gone the Lancashire road. The heads we have had are Lord George Murray, Lord Elcho, Lord Nairn, Glenbucket, Duke of Perth (who I have been just now with). Their Prince is expected every minute. His quarters Mr. Thomas Simpson's. All public money demanded on pain of execution. They have received the excise. The whole body's undoubtedly moving this way. Their's are all forced marches. Numbers never stop. Accounts from Eamont Bridge will bring me their whole numbers. Near 2,000 passed there already.' It is obvious that the writer did not for a single moment trouble his head about niceties or elaboration in the framing of his letter, but gives his news in great haste, presumably with one eye on the paper and the other on the window. One cannot fail to perceive the ele-

ment of excitement running through from beginning to end; but, then, the little town was full of kilted clansmen with their chieftains, and Prince Charlie was coming!

It was about three in the afternoon of Friday, the 22nd, when Prince Charles Edward, still marching on foot at the head of the Highland army with his bodyguard, arrived at Penrith, when he took up his quarters at Thomas Simpson's, as indicated in the letter just quoted.

In Walker's 'History of Penrith' will be found the statement that 'the Prince lodged in what was then the George and Dragon Inn, now or lately the shop of Mr. Ramsey, chemist.' The letter from Cowper, therefore, carries back the name of the occupier still further, though there can be no doubt that it was the house now known as Prince Charlie's Restaurant. The George Hotel, still officially known in the books of the licensing authorities as the George and Dragon Inn, doubtless occupied a larger range of premises than now. A description of the main army is given in a letter written by the Penrith postmaster on the evening of the day that the Prince arrived. 'This moment,' he states, 'I went to see the train of artillery,

which consists of twelve small fieldpieces, the whole they say will be sixteen, a very poor guard with them and the baggage, &c., which were twenty carriages, some drawn by three and some by two horses apiece. We are pretty well assured we have the whole of their army, and to give it all advantages, it will not exceed 7,000 at the furthest; we hope they will all march to-morrow.'

The Highland army did march on the morrow, and the writer in his calculation certainly 'gave it all the advantage,' for the army, all told, did not exceed, nor did it nearly approach, the number surmised by the all too credulous postmaster. The numbers were carefully taken down each day as the Highlanders passed over Eamont and Lowther Bridges to the south of the town, and the actual figures were given in a later report:—'4,786 men, mounted and on foot, 60 carriages, 16 cannon, 2 cohorn.'

As might well be expected, Lowther Hall, the seat of Lord Lonsdale, did not escape the attention of the invaders when in this district, and Ray, the historian, a Whitehaven man who doubtless knew the locality well, paints a vivid picture of a daring exploit which took

place here just after the Highlanders had gone south. Ray was a bitter anti-Jacobite, and in his 'History' one cannot fail to observe a very pronounced bias, which rather detracts from what he purports to be 'a genuine account of the late rebellion.' Apart from the manifestation of this vexed weakness to which human nature is prone, what he has set down is worthy of preservation. His description of the Jacobite army, referred to time and again as a 'plundering mob,' is brimful of satire, and provides some entertainment to the reader. When the long columns of Highlanders left Carlisle, Ray set out at the same time, in order 'to reconnoitre them, and go to the King's army. Some of them,' he writes, 'being well mounted and accoutred with the spoil of our country train-bands, made a tolerable good figure; but for the most part they were a very despicable mob, and had it not been for the arms they carried, it might well be thought that there was a famine in Scotland and that they came to England to beg; but they soon undeceived us, letting us know they were sturdy beggars, committing all manner of rapine as they ran along the country. . . . Their hussars were most of them young men

dress'd in close plaid-waistcoats and large fur caps, but having very bad horses it occasioned them to exert all their vigour in bringing them to a gallop, tho' very often the poor beasts, notwithstanding the severity used by their riders, would drop that speed and take one more suitable to their age and infirmities. If the common men got a belly-full of victuals they were not very curious about the goodness of it; and as to lodging, if a little straw was provided to lie upon, they were entirely easy.' With this digression we will take up the story of the Lowther Hall exploit.

It would appear that Lord Kilmarnock's son, with a party of about eighteen others from the Carlisle garrison, rode over to Penrith, and entering the town with drawn swords, boldly demanded billets for a thousand soldiers, who, they said, were following immediately. The townspeople were better informed by now as to the rebels' strength than to pay much heed to their threatening commands, and the marauders, after some parleying, perceived that there was therefore a likelihood of their being outnumbered and the tables turned. They immediately rode off to Lowther Hall, where, on arrival, they made fast the gates, setting a

guard to watch the approach. The alarm was raised, and the servants at once began to barricade themselves in, but were eventually overpowered by the rebels, who, on gaining admission, coolly demanded that the best food and liquor in the house be set before them. On this being done, they fell to and helped themselves liberally. It was a dark night, and while the intruders were making merry over his lordship's wine, Lord Lonsdale's steward managed to escape to Penrith, where he collected a band of well-armed hefty youths. They arrived at Lowther Hall about eleven o'clock, but on their approach the guards gave the alarm, and a pretty sharp fight ensued and was kept up for half an hour. 'The Penrith men forced their way,' says Ray, 'and took eleven prisoners, who were sent to Marshal Wade's army. Three of the rebels, it was thought, died of their wounds. There was but one of the Penrith men slightly hurt, and as a recompense for their bravery they got fifteen horses and some good arms.' In the affray Lord Kilmarnock's son, who, having resided in the district for some time, knew all the roads about the Hall, escaped with several others of the party.

*It may have been during this escapade that John Slee, of Melmerby (who was father of the Rev. John Slee, Rector of Melmerby for thirty-six years—1785 to 1821), who lived till 1806, performed a noteworthy feat. He showed great personal bravery against the rebels, three of whom he took prisoner, though himself only armed with a sword. Slee took these to the Moat Hall, Penrith, the wooden building which obstructed the Market Place and was accidentally destroyed by fire about the year 1780. When the Duke of Cumberland heard of the matter he sent for Slee and gave him an appointment in the Duke of Montagu's troop.

*'Old Local Stories Retold'(1915)—Daniel Scott.

CHAPTER IX.

ARRIVAL AT KENDAL.

We will now join the vanguard of the Prince's army as it enters Kendal, headed by Colonel Stuart. Having obtained a list from the constables of all the lodgings in the town, and after reviewing the houses, the quarter-masters at once proceeded to deliver the billet-papers. In the meantime the town's bellman was sent about the streets giving notice that provision must immediately be made, in all private as well as public houses, for bread and ale for the Prince's army; that all bakers and butchers must 'dilligently follow their different business in baking and killing.' The town's crier also made known that the country people must bring in forage and provisions, all of which would be paid for at a moderate price, and that they would be safe in their persons, horses, and effects; also that the taxes payable by the town should be ready whenever they should call for them.

One writer, describing the arrival of 'the

very unwelcome guests' at Kendal, remarks that the Highlanders were drawn up three abreast. 'No doubt in a good design to make them appear more numerous by being longer on their march; but,' he continues, and one can imagine he gave a knowing wink when he wrote it, 'they did not deceive me thereby, for I counted them very carefully.'

Several English letter-writers who witnessed the southward march of the Highlanders comment on the three-abreast formation, and, judging by remarks, they too arrived at the same conclusion as the Kendal correspondent. It is worthy of note, however, that a Highland column, when on a hostile expedition, marched three deep; on halting and fronting the line was thus at once in three ranks, which was the formation of attack.

During their stay at Kendal the greater number of the Highlanders were quartered in Stricklandgate. Prince Charles was lodged in the house of Thomas Shepherd, Esq. Ray complains of the rebels' violation of their promise that horses and property would be safe, and proceeds to inform us that 'the rebels went out in parties, took several horses, and plundered the country in a shameful manner.

These and several other outrages they committed on Sunday, which so chagrin'd the country people and inhabitants of the town, that on Monday, when the main body of the rebels went out (tho' there were upwards of 1,000 in the town), they attack'd several of the horse-stealers; amongst them were two of their hussars on horseback, whom they immediately dismounted, and retook their horses.'

While the army of Prince Charles left Kendal to continue its unopposed march by way of Burton to Lancaster, and on through Preston and Wigan to Manchester, the Government, now wide awake and alarmed at the rapidity of the enemy's movements, was exerting every effort to stem the progress of the victorious Highland column thus piercing its way into the very heart of England. Marshal Wade had failed miserably, and was now toiling through Yorkshire in a vain endeavour to come up with the invaders. The Duke of Cumberland, who assumed command of the royal forces when the rebellion broke out, arrived at Litchfield, where an army of 10,000 had been assembled under General Ligonier, on the same day that Prince Charles entered Preston. From information received,

the Duke believed that the rebels would remain a few days at Preston, thus giving him time to collect his whole force together, and advance directly upon them. 'In that case,' he adds, 'I flatter myself the affair would be certain in my favour. . . . Should the rebels be mad enough to march forward to Manchester and Stockport, then it will be impossible to say how soon there will be an affair, as I must move forward to hinder them slipping by me on the other side.'

To Manchester the rebel army did go, where it arrived on the 29th, and was welcomed by the ringing of church bells. Crowds lined the streets to cheer the Prince as he passed, while many in their enthusiasm and loyalty flocked around him to kiss his hands. In the evening the town was gaily illuminated, and bonfires blazed merrily from almost every elevated position. This was the most enthusiastic reception the Prince had yet received, or was to receive, since he crossed the Border. During the two days the army halted here they beat up for recruits, and about 200 volunteers enlisted. These were embodied with the few English who joined on the march south, receiving the name of the Manchester Regi-

ment. It was placed under the command of Francis Townley, a staunch Jacobite, formerly in the French service. By the Prince's occupation of Manchester an engagement between the two armies seemed imminent, and the Duke of Cumberland now made preparations for an advance against the invaders. On December 1st the Highland army formed in two columns and marched to Macclesfield, where they joined the same evening. The bridge over the Mersey had been destroyed before their approach, and the first column, headed by the Prince, forded the river near Stockport, whilst the second column, under Lord George Murray, crossed with the artillery and baggage lower down, at Cheadle, over an improvised bridge made by blocking up the channel with trees. As Prince Charles reached the further side of the river an incident occurred which was characteristic of the unfaltering loyalty of those who really had the interests of his cause at heart.

*On the opposite bank of the Mersey Charles found a few of the Cheshire gentry drawn up ready to welcome him, and amongst them Mrs. Skyring, a lady of extreme age.

Vide Earl Stanhope in 'The Forty-five.'

As a child, she had been lifted up in her mother's arms to view the happy landing, at Dover, of Charles II. Her father, an old Cavalier, had afterwards to undergo not merely neglect, but oppression, from that thankless monarch; still, however, he and his wife continued devoted to the royal cause, and their daughter grew up as devoted as they. After the expulsion of the Stuarts all her thoughts, her hopes, her prayers, were directed to another restoration. Ever afterwards she had, with rigid punctuality, laid aside one-half of her yearly income to remit for the exiled family abroad, concealing only what, she said, was of no importance to them—the name of the giver. She had now parted with her jewels, her plate, and every little article of value she possessed, the price of which, in a purse, she laid at the feet of Prince Charles, while, straining her dim eyes to gaze on his features, and pressing his hand to her shrivelled lips, she exclaimed with affectionate rapture, in the words of Simeon, 'Lord, lettest now Thy servant depart in peace!' It is added that she did not survive the shock when, a few days afterwards, she was told of the retreat.

By a skilful manœuvre the Prince's army completely deceived the Duke of Cumberland, and on the afternoon of December 4th the clans entered Derby.

When the news reached London that the rebels had slipped past the royal army and were now in Derby, the metropolis was in a state of panic and terror: shops were closed and business suspended. A rush was immediately made on the Bank of England, and bankruptcy was only averted by paying out in sixpences in order to gain time. The guards of the city were everywhere strengthened, soldiers patrolled the streets day and night, and volunteers were hurriedly enrolled. The various entrances to the city were carefully examined, and steps taken whereby, should emergency arise, they could be successfully obstructed. So great was the consternation in London, and so seriously did the Government view the alarming state of affairs, that arrangements were hurriedly executed for the flight of King George from England. It is said that the King's yachts, laden with all his most precious earthly belongings, lay at anchor at the Tower quay, ready to sail at a moment's notice.

The great triumph of the Jacobite army, which had penetrated, unchecked, into the very heart of England, out-manœuvring the armies of both the Duke of Cumberland and Marshal Wade, filled the clansmen with wildest joy. The Prince himself was in the highest spirits, and now that he saw London within his grasp, he debated whether he should enter the metropolis on horseback and in Highland costume, as he had done at Edinburgh and Carlisle, or on foot in the simple dress of an English gentleman; but Charles had to receive a rude shock, even in the hour of victory. A council of war was held; Lord George Murray had brought together the chieftains to lay before the Prince the carefully thought out opinions of the various commanders, which were that, as the Highland army had marched into the heart of England, through counties considered to be the most favourable to the cause, without receiving the support they were promised, they had now accomplished all that was humanly possible. They therefore had come to the unanimous decision that the only escape from disaster was for them to beat a retreat, as Cumberland and Wade, with a combined army thrice their number, lay but

a day's march away, and unlike the clans, had not been exposed to the fatigues of a long campaign.

At first the Prince was obdurate, and would listen to neither reason nor argument. He was determined to advance on London, and said he would denounce as traitors all those who stood in his way. 'Rather than go back,' he cried, 'I would wish to be twenty feet under ground.' In the end, however, finding that all the chieftains were against him, the Prince very reluctantly gave way, and a retreat was decided on.

'It is open to dispute,' writes Ewald in his 'Life of Prince Charles Stuart,' 'whether Charles should have entered England until he had collected all the forces he could command, but once having begun his march south, nothing save the most crushing defeat should have induced him to retreat. It is now universally admitted that the advice given by Lord George Murray and the chieftains on the occasion was unsound; had the Prince been permitted to carry out his intention of advancing upon London, he would have taken his prosperity at the flood and been led on to fortune. He had out-manœuvred the armies

of the Duke and of Marshal Wade, and the success of his movements could not but have greatly discouraged the English troops and led them to believe all the more in the invincibility of their foe. . . . The history of his expedition is the history of a splendid chance lost. That the restoration of the Stuarts would have been a permanent event had Charles marched onward from Derby is a subject idle for us now to enter into, but that he would have gained the throne, if not for himself at least for his father, no one who reads the period of history aright can doubt. His opportunity came to him, but he was not permitted to seize it, and henceforth the voyage of his life was to be bound in shallows and miseries.'

There is little left on record relating to what took place in Carlisle after the departure of Prince Charles and his Highlanders. The militia, as we have seen, packed up at the earliest opportunity and lost no time in forsaking the city for the safety and seclusion of their own firesides. The townspeople, freed from the military yoke imposed upon them during the siege, and finding their captors less hostile than their imagination had pictured the kilted foe to be, soon recovered their spirits.

When, therefore, towards the end of November, a draft of forty men was sent to join the main body in Lancashire, thus reducing the strength of the Scottish garrison, a plan was formed for seizing the Castle. Before the opportunity arrived for the townsmen to bring their scheme into execution, it was betrayed to Hamilton, the Governor, by a blacksmith named John Creighton. Disguising the object of his action, Hamilton invited the Mayor and members of the Corporation to a dinner in the Castle, where he made known his knowledge of the plot, and there forcibly extracted a promise that they would discourage any further attempt of the kind. Though there was no violation of this promise by the city fathers, the young men, who were no party to the treaty, had frequent affrays with the soldiers of the garrison when opportunity came their way, and on more than one occasion took several prisoners, whom they bore off in triumph to Marshal Wade at Newcastle. In retaliation, the Governor seized the parents of those who were identified as having taken part in these affrays, and held them as hostages. Encouraged by their success, the hostile spirit of the townspeople became more pronounced, and Hamilton, realising

their dangerous attitude, threatened to bring military action into immediate execution. This had the effect of quieting the more fiery spirits amongst the youth of the city, and we do not learn of any further attempt having been made upon the garrison; in fact, it would appear that something akin to goodwill afterwards prevailed between the inhabitants and the invaders, brought about, no doubt, by the good offices of Sir John Arbuthnot, the Governor of the city. So friendly, indeed, did some of the city officials and a few of the Cathedral dignitaries become, that Sir John was looked on more as a safeguard than an enemy, which fact did not escape the suspicions of the Duke of Cumberland on his arrival in the city.

When information reached Governor Hamilton that the Highland army, which had almost come up with the Royal army at Derby, was now retreating north, he immediately took measures to prepare for the worst. Orders were given that the markets be seized and prices fixed on all commodities; supplies were brought in, mailbag-carriers were stopped and letters opened; beds and other necessaries for the use of the garrison were impressed. His every action clearly displayed the apprehension

Hamilton was unable to disguise of his expectation that Carlisle would, ere long, be called on to withstand the furious battery of King George's artillery. Nor was he kept long in suspense before his worst fears were fully realised.

CHAPTER X.

RETREAT FROM DERBY.

The Highland army began its retreat from Derby on the morning of December the 6th, on the 14th the vanguard reached Kendal, and on the 19th Prince Charles was back at Carlisle. Disappointed and dispirited, with hopes shattered, the clansmen were now less manageable than on the southward march, and numerous acts of violence and plunder were wantonly committed in the towns and villages through which they passed; nor did the officers, who viewed in sullen silence the outrages indulged in by those rugged Highlandmen, raise a solitary voice in reprobation. The principal difficulties encountered by the rebels in their retreat were found on their passage through Westmorland. On the arrival at Kendal of the detachment of 110 horse under the Duke of Perth, the townsfolk turned out in force, armed with such weapons as they could lay hands on. They allowed the rebels to pass unmolested until Finkle Street was

reached, when the inhabitants immediately fell on the Highlanders and pelted them with sticks and stones. The Duke's men, aggravated at this sudden and unexpected assault, fired their muskets into the crowd, wounding several of the townspeople, at which the Kendal men again attacked. In the affray one hussar was killed and two made prisoners, one of them being the Duke of Perth's servant.

The Kendal Register contains the following record :—'1745, Dec. 16th, John Slack kild by ye Scotts,' which doubtless has a poignant connection with this incident. From the first, the inhabitants of Kendal exhibited no small measure of hostility towards the rebels, and it may have been this fact that encouraged the invaders to make free with the goods and horses of the people in that district, as we have already seen from the account given when they entered the town on their march south. That they had not forgotten the treatment received at the hands of the Highlanders is shown by the perpetration of so daring an exploit at their first appearance in the town again. It is possible, however, that the courage displayed on this occasion may have been incited by a report which, only a short time before, had

reached the town, for we learn that they had just finished reading an anonymous letter addressed to the Mayor, stating that the Highland army had been utterly defeated by the Duke of Cumberland. The appearance of the Duke of Perth and his hussars riding through Kendal without a halt, at once confirmed the idea that they were fugitives, and might be mobbed, stoned, or shot—things they would hardly have dared to indulge in had they known that the dreaded, undefeated Highland army was following close on the heels of the horsemen.

All this time the Penrith Beacon was belching forth its red tongues of flame, rousing the countryside to arms. On the Duke approaching that town and learning the meaning of the alarm signal, he prudently returned to the remote village of Shap, where a halt was made for the night. The occasion mentioned is believed to be the last on which the Penrith Beacon was fired to give warning of the approach of an enemy.

In the morning (Sunday, 15th December) the Duke of Perth sent scouts towards Penrith to reconnoitre; they quickly returned with the intelligence that the whole countryside was

under arms, and that all the hedges which skirted the roads were lined with armed men. On receiving this information, Perth decided to make his way into Scotland by another route, in order to avoid Penrith. The troop of horse accordingly crossed to the east side of the River Eden and marched by way of Morland, Cliburn, Templesowerby, and Culgaith to Langwathby. Here they were intercepted by a strong armed party from Penrith, and after the exchange of a few shots the hussars fell back on Kirkby Thore, where they seized a man named Jack Boucher, whom they compelled to guide them through the Eden at Bolton, across to Shap, and thence over Orton Scaur to Orton. The party being some distance from the route taken by the Highland army, and in imminent danger of isolation, the Duke was now anxious to join the main body, which would by this time be at Kendal, so when his men had rested and refreshed themselves, they made all haste and came up with the Highland army towards midnight.

In retaliation for the loss of their hussar during the attack of the townspeople, the rebels levied a fine on the town of Kendal, and threatened to burn Penrith for the part its

inhabitants took in the 'Sunday hunting' of the Duke of Perth's party on Langwathby moor.

The retreating army left Kendal on Monday, their intention being to cover the thirty-two miles which lay between them and Penrith before dusk. Instead of that, however, in consequence of a breakdown amongst the ammunition waggons of the artillery, the army was obliged to make a halt at Shap, while the men with the artillery passed the night on the highroad, exposed to a violent storm of wind and rain.

On the evening of the following day the Prince with the bulk of his army arrived at Penrith and began to billet his men. In the meantime, three companies of the Duke of Perth's regiment were detailed off to escort the artillery, which, owing to the rough roads (in some places broken up by the country people to retard the rebels' progress), experienced great difficulty in reaching Shap. The escort was now reinforced by the Macdonalds of Glengarry, to the number of 500 men, and at dawn the next day, on the 18th, set out to join the main army, which awaited their arrival at Penrith.

Soon after leaving Shap the artillery escort observed a great number of light horse continually hovering about at a short distance from the column. 'Having arrived about midday at the foot of the eminence' (at Thrimby) 'which it was necessary to cross in our march to Penrith,' says Chevalier Johnstone, 'the moment we began to ascend we instantly discovered cavalry marching two and two abreast on top of the hill, who disappeared soon after, as if to form themselves in order of battle behind the eminence which concealed their numbers from us, with the intention of disputing the passage. We heard at the same time a prodigious number of trumpets and kettledrums. Mr. Brown, Colonel in the train of Lally's regiment, was at the head of the column with two of the companies which the Duke of Perth had attached to the artillery, and of which mine was one. After them followed the guns and ammunition waggons, and then the other two companies attached to the artillery. Lord George was in the rear of the column with the regiment of Macdonalds. We stopped a moment at the foot of the hill, everybody believing it was the English army, from the great number of trumpets and kettledrums.

In this seemingly desperate conjecture, we immediately adopted the opinion of Mr. Brown, and resolved to rush upon the enemy, sword in hand, and open a passage to our army at Penrith or perish in the attempt.' Thus, without informing Lord George Murray of their resolution, the head of the column darted forward with great swiftness, running up the hill as fast as their legs would carry them. Lord George, who was in the rear, seeing the manœuvre at the head of the column, and being unable to pass the waggons in the deep roads confined by hedges, immediately ordered the Highlanders to proceed across the enclosure and ascend the hill from another quarter. They ran so fast that they reached the summit of the hill almost as soon as those who were at the head of the column. On reaching the top of the hill the clansmen were surprised to find, instead of the English army, only 300 light horse, who immediately fled in disorder, leaving behind one man who had been thrown from his horse. He was immediately taken prisoner, but before it was possible to save him from the fury of the Highlanders, the poor fellow was cut to pieces. From the great number of trumpets and kettle-

drums which the light horse had with them, there is no doubt it was their design to deceive the rebels into believing that the whole English army was beyond the hill, and so endeavoured to induce them to turn aside from the main road to Penrith. It was a very clever ruse, and had the Highlanders fallen into the trap laid for them, the column would doubtless have met with disaster. The troop of horse that had deceived the artillery escort toiling across Thrimby appears to have been part of General Bland's column, which had been hurried forward in an endeavour to cut them off from the main body.

By this time the Duke of Cumberland, by forced marches, was now close on the heels of the Highlanders struggling towards Penrith, and on nearing the village of Clifton the Duke's cavalry came suddenly upon the Macdonalds in the rear of the column. A running fight took place, extending from Hackenthorpe and Clifton, along Warrington Lane, to about where the Clifton and Lowther railway station now stands. Fortunately for the Highlanders, the road ran between thorn hedges and ditches, and so the cavalry could present no larger front than its width. Time

after time the Duke's horse rushed upon the Macdonalds, who repelled each attack, using their broadswords with impetuous fury, and holding their ground till the artillery and ammunition waggons had proceeded 100 yards or so. The Highlanders then wheeled round and ran at full speed till they reached the waggons, when they turned to meet the charge of the cavalry. This hand-to-hand fight was repeated with savage obstinacy for fully a mile along the road, the enforced delay providing a fortunate circumstance for the lumbering waggons of the artillery, which were thus able to proceed on their way to Penrith, three miles distant.

In the meantime, Lord George Murray, with a body of Highland infantry under Cameron of Lochiel, had come up, while the cavalry of the Duke of Cumberland, emerging from the narrow lanes, had already taken up a position on Clifton Moor. Lord George observing that an attack was inevitable, immediately saw to the disposition of his forces, and prepared to meet it. The Macdonalds were drawn up within the field west of the road, the Stewarts of Appin were posted in the enclosure on the east, Roy Stewart's men lay under cover of the

wall which skirted the highway close to the village, whilst to the left of the Appin men stood the Macphersons of Cluny. 'It was now an hour after sunset, pretty cloudy,' says Lord George Murray, 'but the moon, which was in its second quarter, from time to time broke out and gave good light, but this did not continue above two minutes at a time. We had the advantage of seeing their disposition, but they could not see ours. . . . We advanced and had a good deal of fire on both sides. After the Highlanders on that side had given most of their fire they lay close at an open hedge, which was the second in these fields. We then received the whole fire of the dragoons that were at the bottom. . . . The bullets were going thick enough. I told him' [Cluny] 'we had nothing for it but going down upon them sword in hand before they had had time to charge again. I immediately drew my sword and cried "Claymore!" Cluny did the same, and we ran down to the bottom ditch, clearing the diagonal hedges as we went. There were a good many of the enemy killed at the bottom ditch, and the rest took to their heels, but received the fire of the Glengarry regiment. I had given orders that our men should not pass

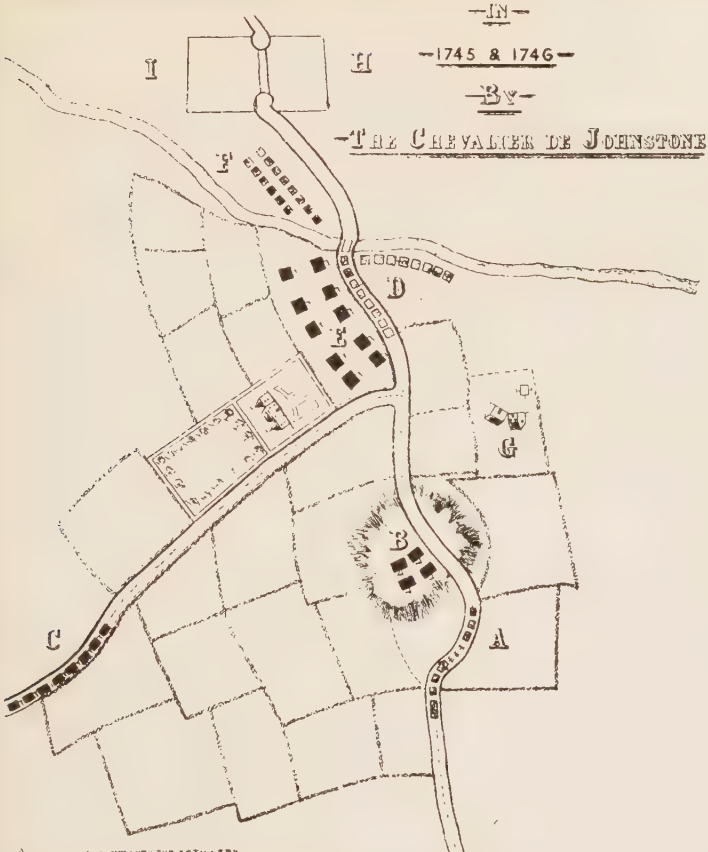
SKIRMISH AT CLIFTON HALL DEC 1745

FROM

MEMOIRS OF THE REBELLION IN 1745 & 1746

BY

THE CHEVALIER DE JOHNSTONE



A OUR DETCHMENT WITH THE ARTILLERY
B THE HEIGHT WHERE THE HORSE & CHASSEURS WERE FORMED
C THE 4000 MEN OF THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND IN MARCH TO CUT OFF OUR DETCHMENT
D THE ARMY OF THE PRINCE IN BATTLE ORDER AT THE MOMENT OF THE CHARGE
E THE 4000 MEN OF THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND IN BATTLE ORDER IN THE INCLOSURES
F FIRST POSITION OF THE ARMY OF THE PRINCE WAITING FOR ACCOUNTS FROM THE DETCHMENT
G THE FARM
H THE CASTLE OF PENRITH
I TOWN OF PENRITH

the bottom ditch to go up the muir, for they would have been exposed to the fire of the Glengarry regiment, that could not distinguish them from the enemy. We had no more firing after this, so we returned to our first post. We had now done what we proposed, and being sure of no more trouble from the enemy, I ordered the retreat.'

It was with the greatest difficulty that the chieftains could check the impetuous attack of the clansmen on clearing the last ditch, in their eagerness to pursue the flying enemy and thus follow up the success they had gained.

At the opening of the fight round Clifton, a Quaker, Thomas Savage by name, proved of utmost service to the King's forces. Just before darkness set in the Highlanders, in great numbers, took up strong positions to the north of his farm and behind the walls along the village street, unobserved by the dragoons drawn up on the common. The Quaker, evading for a few moments the attention of the rebels who were posted in his house, placed himself in a position in full view of Cumberland's men, and, with his hat, signalled the positions of the enemy.

'In his account of this action to the Duke

of Newcastle,' says Ewald, 'his Royal Highness is not so truthful as might be wished. There can be no doubt that the skirmish at Clifton was a victory to the Highlanders, and so effectual a check to the English that the Duke thought it prudent to desist from harassing the retreating clans.' 'After a ten hours' march,' writes his Royal Highness, 'our cavalry came up with the rebels just beyond Lowther Hall ; nay, we heard that their rear was in possession of it, but they left it on our approach and threw themselves into the village of Clifton, which we immediately attacked with the dismounted dragoons, and though it is the most defensible village I ever saw, yet our men drove them out of it in an hour's time with a very small loss. Cobham's and Mark Kerr's both behaved extremely well. As it was quite dark before the skirmish was over, we were obliged to remain contented with the ground we had gained. What the rebels may have lost I can't tell; we have four officers wounded, none mortally, and about forty men killed and wounded. . . . The regiment which suffered most was the King's Own Dragoons. By some confusion in the two dismounted squadrons commanded by Colonel Honeywood,

they firing at 150 yards distance and then giving way, the rebels came out with their broadswords and wounded several of the officers and some men. . . . When the officers of the King's Regiment were wounded, the rebels cried, "No quarter! murder them!" and they received several wounds after they were knocked down.' His Royal Highness then goes on to say that 'the little affair at Clifton, though but trifling, has increased the terror and panic which has daily been coming on among the rebels,' and gives as his excuse for not pursuing the Highlanders that 'he dared not follow them because it was so dark and the country between Clifton and Penrith so extremely covered; besides, his troops, both horses and men, were so fatigued with these forced marches.'

It is abundantly clear that, but for the stand of the Highlanders at Clifton, the whole body of the King's dragoons would have come down upon the retreating army, which the Duke aimed at doing before it reached Carlisle. Lord George was well aware of this danger, and in order to cover the Prince's retreat with the main body, he skilfully set about to secure for his men a defensive position, that he might

stem the onslaught of the pursuing force and thereby gain time. That he succeeded is shown by the fact that the Duke's army, after the attack, remained inactive all that night, while Lord George Murray, having attained his object, effected an orderly withdrawal: 'first Roy Stewart, then Appin, Cluny, and the Glengarry men, and,' he continues, 'it was half an hour after the skirmish before we went off.'

That night the Duke of Cumberland lodged at Clifton End Farm with Savage, the Quaker who had done his Royal Highness such yeoman service, while the English army remained under arms on the moor.

In the afternoon, whilst the Highlanders were gathering in the village prior to taking up their positions, Captain George Hamilton, an officer in Roy Stewart's regiment, having dismounted, was making his way through a hedge into one of the enclosures, with the object, no doubt, of observing the position of Bland's men, when he was surprised by a dragoon, and in a hand-to-hand fight was wounded and taken prisoner. At his trial at York the following autumn, it was stated that Hamilton, on his arrival at Clifton, ordered his servant to take care of his portmanteau, on top

of which was tied a small box. A countryman, curious no doubt as to the contents of the odd-looking appendage, cut it off and hid the box in a stone quarry, where it remained till the rebels were clear of the district. On the box being opened it disclosed the captain's commission from Prince Charles and other important papers, including one indicating the person who, under penalty of death, had been compelled to act as guide to Carlisle. The box seized at Clifton thus formed part of the evidence against Captain Hamilton, who was executed at York. His head was afterwards sent to Carlisle to adorn one of the city gates.

It is said that one of the Highland prisoners taken at Clifton, on being asked how his side got on, replied: 'We got on verra weel till the lang man in the muckle boots cam ower the dyke, but his fit slippit, an' we gat him doon.' The 'lang man' referred to was Colonel Honeywood, who had but recently recovered from wounds received at Dettingen. He had now received several broadsword cuts about the head, and was left for dead. Honeywood was removed to his mother's seat at Howgill Castle, six or seven miles distant, where he recovered

and lived to become Member of Parliament for Appleby from 1754 to 1784.

It is difficult to arrive at the exact number killed on both sides, and though there has been much speculation, it is safe to presume that the actual figures will never be known. Thomas Savage, the Quaker around whose farm the skirmish took place, says :—'Ten of the King's men were killed and twenty-one wounded, and five rebels.' One writer, residing in the neighbourhood, rode over the field the next morning and saw 'seven of our men dead, and there were thirteen wounded. . . . I only see four rebels killed.' Ray, the historian, gives the number of the Duke's men killed as eleven, and twenty-nine wounded. The English official account places the number of killed and wounded at forty. The Chevalier Johnstone says that the total loss of the Highlanders in the skirmish at Clifton was twelve, and that their total loss from the time the Jacobite army entered England till it recrossed the Border was not more than forty.

Clifton parish register contains the following entry :—

> 'The 19th December, 1745—Ten dragoons, to wit, six of Bland's, three of Cobham's, and one of Mark

Kerr's Regiment, who was killed ye evening before by ye Rebells in ye skirmish between ye Duke of Cumberland's army and them at ye end of Clifton Moor, next ye town—buried.

'Robert Atkins, a private Dragoon in General Bland's Regiment buried ye 8th day of January, 1746.'

From the above it would appear that one of General Bland's men, wounded in the fighting at Clifton, lingered about three weeks, and was buried by the side of his comrades.

The Highlanders now marched straight to Penrith. On arrival the Prince was just preparing to leave, and after a short halt to enable his wearied men time for scanty refreshment, Lord George Murray also set out on the road for Carlisle, where the whole army arrived early the next morning, hungry, tired, and footsore.

CHAPTER XI.

RE-ENTRY INTO CARLISLE.

On approaching Carlisle a small detachment of Highlanders with part of the baggage, in order to avoid passing through the city, took a route eastward, and crossed the Eden at Warwick Bridge. It is related that one of their baggage waggons 'mired' at the ford across the little River Cairn, below where the mill stood at Warwick Bridge, and had to be abandoned. When the Highlanders were clear of the place, the miller succeeded in extricating it, and it was observed by his neighbours that money became plentiful with that jolly miller ever after. 'This route,' says Mounsey in his 'Authentic Account,' 'was perhaps chosen in the hopes of being enabled to get the baggage, &c., across the Esk, by Canonby or Langholm, there being at that time no bridge at Longtown, and the river being swollen.' I have endeavoured to trace a possible route from Warwick Bridge by way of Crosby, Kirklinton, Netherby, and Riddings

to nearby the present Canonbie bridge, where it would be found possible to ford the river during normal weather conditions. On gaining the opposite bank of the Esk, the road, winding over the rising ground to the left, runs towards the highway to Glasgow, which it joins about two hours' march distant. I have been unable to find any account that the baggage party passed by way of Langholm in their retreat, but it is highly probable that the advance guard would obtain information of the existence of a bridge over the Esk at what is now known as the Skippers Bridge, half a mile below the town and less than six miles up the river from Canonbie. The turbulent Esk in high spate would render its passage with heavy lumbering waggons an impossibility. One can well conceive, therefore, that the passage of the swollen river would be avoided, and the route along the left bank continued by way of Tarras, till a crossing was effected at the Skippers Bridge. The old structure was built fifty years previous to this time, and was the only bridge across the Esk from where it entered the Solway Firth, a distance of about seventeen miles. Not far from the Skippers Bridge the old Drove Road crosses the moor-

land into the Wauchope valley, and there is every reason to suppose that this would be the route taken by the baggage party before they came up with the Highland army marching to Glasgow.

Many stories relating to the Prince's army during the retreat make it abundantly clear that numbers of the clansmen, indifferent to order or discipline, freely deserted the ranks, following a route of their own choice back to the homes from whence they came.

Some straggling Highlanders, avoiding the road taken by the main army, came by way of Cumwhitton, nine miles eastward of Carlisle, and in order to pay their way back to Scotland, they amused the country folks by playing on the bagpipes. One of their number, attracted no doubt by the kindness shown, refused to accompany his companions further, and took up a position at a stile by the wayside, where he beguiled the time by performing on his beloved pipes, to the evident delight of the good Cumbrian folks, who proposed that he should stay behind and take up his abode with them. To this proposal the Highlander, without any show of reluctance, assented, and it is doubtful whether he again

crossed the Border. This story, it is said, gave birth to the name Piper's Stile, by which Cumwhitton Parish School is still known.

But what of the Bonnie Prince Charlie, who only a few short weeks before had left the Border City full of pride and brightest hopes? He is back again, and has passed through the English Gate, broken and dispirited, a victim of cruel circumstances. Disappointed and dejected, no longer proudly marching at the head of his army, the Prince enters the city almost unnoticed.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PRINCE'S FAREWELL TO CARLISLE.

With the Duke of Cumberland hastening after them, the commanders of the Jacobite army quickly realised the impossibility of holding the city against cannon, for, though the Duke had no artillery with him, yet he could in a very short time procure it. They had, therefore, to face the question whether or not they intended to abandon their only conquest. A consultation took place. Lord George Murray strongly advocated that Carlisle be evacuated, the Castle blown up, and such of the stores that could not be carried off be thrown into the river or destroyed. It would have been happier for their cause had his advice been acted on, but, fortunately for the preservation of the historic old Castle, the counsel given was over-ruled. The majority were not disposed to take so decided a step, and it was ultimately decided that a garrison should be left. The prospect of the inevitable

fate which faced those who should remain could not but have presented a very melancholy picture, yet there were those who, for the honour of the white cockade, were thus prepared to make whatever sacrifice the cause might demand.

Francis Townley, Colonel of the Manchester Regiment, whose knowledge of military tactics made him a valuable acquisition, was appointed Governor of the city. The garrison left behind, under the command of Captain John Hamilton, who still remained commandant of the Castle, consisted of the Manchester Regiment, about 120 strong, with 270 Highlanders and Lowland Scots, four French officers, and a few privates of Lally's regiment.

The arrangements for the defence of the city being concluded, the men were drawn up on parade to receive from the Prince a few parting words of cheer ere he bade them a last farewell. The departure of Prince Charles from Carlisle must have presented a pathetic contrast to his victorious march south but one short month previously. Lord George Murray led the way, and halted his troops at Stanwix to await the arrival of the Prince. He had not long to wait, for Prince Charles was seen

to emerge from the Scotch Gate, which, ere he crossed the bridges over the River Eden, closed behind him for ever.

The Highlanders crossed the Esk at Longtown, about eight miles from Carlisle. Usually shallow at this point, the river was now swollen by incessant rain to a depth of about four feet. However, their position being extremely critical, they were obliged to cross it immediately, lest a continuation of rain should render the passage impracticable. The cavalry formed in the river to break the force of the current, about twenty-five paces above the ford where the infantry was to pass. The Highlanders then formed themselves into ranks of twelve abreast, with their arms locked in such a manner as to support one another against the rapidity of the river, leaving sufficient intervals between their ranks for the passage of the water. Below the ford cavalry were stationed to pick up any who might be carried away by the violence of the current. By this ingenious contrivance, the whole of the army safely negotiated the river without the loss of a single man. As soon as the opposite bank was reached the bagpipes struck up merrily, and they danced till they were

dry, expressing the utmost joy on seeing their country again.

It was this incident that suggested to Lady Nairn the ballad, 'The Hundred Pipers,' but either in error or using poetic licence the writer places the event in the advance to England, instead of the retreat from it. She writes :—

'The Esk was swollen sae red and sae deep;
But shouther to shouther the brave lads keep.
Twa thousand swam o'er to fell English ground,
And danced themselves dry to the pibroch sound.
Dumfounder'd the English saw—they saw;
Dumfounder'd they heard the blaw—the blaw;
Dumfounder'd they a' ran awa', awa'
Frae the hundred pipers an a', an a'.'

I understand that the exact place where the crossing was made is that part of the Esk about 200 or 300 yards below the present railway bridge. The old road from Carlisle, which was traversed by the Highland army, came by way of Arthuret.

News of the route taken by the retreating Highlanders had, ere this, reached Dumfries, and the inhabitants of that town viewed with some misgivings the coming of the rebel host. There is still extant a journal kept by the Rev. George Duncan, at that time minister of

Lochrutton, which contains curious references to the Jacobite rising. The following entry is given under date 16th December, 1745 :— 'News came to Dumfries that the rebels were flying before the Duke of Cumberland, and orders were sent by him to the northern counties to arm, in order to catch the fugitives.' In obedience to this command the parishioners of Lochrutton tendered their services to the magistrates of Dumfries, and twelve of them 'went with other volunteers to guard Annan bridge,' the patriotic minister going with them to animate their zeal. He was, however, induced by the authorities of the town to return to his pastoral duties.

A large party from Annandale took up a position on the Scotch side of the Esk, fully determined to pitch the rebels into the river as they attempted to cross it; but when the grim kilted foe made their appearance on the opposite bank the raw volunteers took to their heels and fled, only one man—afterwards minister of Middlebie—remaining to fire a solitary random shot. The doughty defenders of Annan bridge were equally courageous till they caught sight of the Highlanders, when deeming discretion the better part of valour,

THE ESK AT LONGTOWN.

Crossed at this point by the Highlanders in the retreat.

they made precipitous haste to their own firesides at Lochrutton, the minister's man being one of the first to take the road, and no sooner did he reach the manse kitchen than he dropped down on a settle and fainted away.

After the crossing of the Esk the army was formed into two columns, one, about 2,000, under Lord George Murray, with the Marquis of Tullibardine, Lord Ogilvy, and Lord Nairn, proceeded northwards by Ecclefechan, while the other column, 4,000 strong, with the Prince, the Duke of Perth, Lord Pitsligo, Lochiel, and Keppoch, marched towards Dumfries in a more westerly direction. Lord Elcho, with 500 horse, went straight to Dumfries—'all plaided and plumed in their tartan array'—along the old Annan road, and when, towards dusk, they entered the town by St. Michael Street, they met with neither check nor challenge, though a muster of county militia had been made whilst the invaders were in England.

The Prince, with the rest of the division, halted for the night at Annan, where a money fine was imposed on the inhabitants, but excused on account of the poverty of the royal burgh. When at Annan Prince Charles

stayed at the house now known as the Buck Hotel; the next day he joined the rest of the division at Dumfries. The sudden influx of the Highlanders made house accommodation for so great a number almost impossible, but most of them, wet and cold though it was, camped down in the fields to the south of what is now called Shakespeare Street. The ancient burgh was at once placed under military law, which, though of brief duration, was severe and oppressive. On Saturday evening the leading men of the town met in the Presbytery House attached to the new church, for the purpose of considering the new demand made upon them by the Prince for money. Provost Bell—who had rendered valuable service in acquainting Chancellor Waugh, of Carlisle, of the rebels' movements from the time they left Edinburgh till they reached the Border—was not present to preside over them, he having been seized as a hostage that the burgh would keep good faith with its captors. It must have been a woeful meeting, which one cannot fail to gather as we read the following record of its proceedings:—* 'The said day Bailie Graham and Bailie Carruthers

* Mc.Dowall's 'History of Dumfries.'

represented to the Council and community of this burgh called to attend to the meeting, that Mr. John Hay represented that he had commission from his Royal Highness Prince Charles, called by him Regent of Scotland, now in this burgh with a powerful army, to demand of the said burgh a contribution of two thousand pounds sterling, to be paid to-morrow against eight o'clock at night, and to deliver to him for the use of their army, one thousand pair of shoes, together with all their arms, public and private, that are to be found in the town, against the same time. . . .'

CHAPTER XIII.

THE RETREAT REACHES DUMFRIES.

On entering Dumfries, surrounded by a retinue of Highland chieftains, the Prince at once assumed the absolute sovereignty of the place. At that time the Blue Bell Inn—a house still standing near the foot of High Street, on the west side—was the chief place of public entertainment in the burgh, and that part now occupied as the County Hotel was one of its principal mansions. Prince Charlie took possession of both for his own special use, residing chiefly in the Blue Bell, and in one of the large apartments of the adjoining building he held levees and other courtly ceremonies on one or two particular occasions.

In the Lochrutton journal, under date of Sabbath, December 22nd, occurs the following entry :—'A melancholy day, the rebels in Dumfries, about 4,000, with the Pretender's son at their head. In great rage at the town for carrying off their baggage from Annandale, and for raising volunteers, and calling

out the militia of the county in defence of the Government. Demanded £2,000 sterling of contributions, . . . and that they convey their carts, and their carriages after them, to their headquarters. They were most rude in the town—pillaged some shops, pulled shoes off gentlemen's feet in the streets. In most of the churches for some miles from Dumfries no sermon. God be blessed! we had public worship. I lectured I Sam. iv; Mr. John Scott, minister of Dumfries (there being no sermon there), preached. Much confusion in all the neighbouring parishes—rebels robbing people's stables, pillaging some houses. They came to the border of our parish, but, God be thanked! came no further, and we suffered no loose usage.'

Of the £2,000 levied by the Prince, little more than half that amount in hard cash was procured by the appointed time, while those out in search of footwear, to meet the outrageous demand, fared worse. To supply 1,000 pairs of shoes in twenty-four hours was found to be altogether impossible; every shoe establishment in the burgh was visited and carefully searched, but the total amount of their entire stocks did not exceed 255 pairs.

In fear and trembling the harassed committee reported to the Prince, through the medium of his secretary, the result of their diligent search, and were peremptorily ordered to complete the contribution of money and shoes with the utmost speed.

Before the unhappy burghers of Dumfries had time to beat round in quest of another collection to swell the coffers of their unwelcome guests, a messenger rode into the town at nightfall with the alarming news that the Duke of Cumberland, at the head of the English army, had crossed the Esk, and would be upon the rebels before daybreak. This was unpleasant news for the Prince. The drums beat to arms, and ere the sun rose the following morning the Highland army had taken its departure, carrying off as hostages, for the balance of contribution, Mr. Andrew Crosbie of Holm (a former Provost of the burgh) and Mr. Walter Riddell of Glenriddell.

The rebels were well on their way before it became known that the report which had hastened their departure was quite unfounded. It appears that a local tradesman, Mc.Ghie by name, known to possess strong Jacobite sympathies, hearing that the Duke of Cumberland

had laid siege to Carlisle, rode over to watch the movements of the Royal army. Apprehensive lest the object of his visit might get him into trouble, he was soon jogging homeward again, and stopping at a public-house at Annan, Mc.Ghie had just sat down to supper when a wag, who guessed the nature of his mission, rushed into the apartment with the startling news that the Whig Duke had crossed the Esk, and was in full march after the rebels. Without waiting to hear more, Mc.Ghie sprang on his horse and galloped to Dumfries, nor did he draw rein till he reached the door of the Blue Bell Inn and communicated the alarming tidings to the Prince, with the result already stated.

The two townsmen carried away captive were taken to Glasgow, and only set at liberty after they had paid down the balance that remained of the £2,000 levied on the burgh.

'The Lowlanders,' says Robert Chambers,* 'were often highly amused by the demands of their Highland guests, or rather by the uncouth, broken language in which these demands were preferred. It is still told by the aged people of Dumfries, as a good joke,

* 'History,' Vol. II, p. 307.

that they would come into the houses and ask for "a pread, a putter, and a sheese, till *something petter pe ready*." It is also related of some of those Highland gentry, when in another part of the country, that on giving their orders for breakfast to the gude wife of the house in which they were billeted, it would be done in the rather unintelligible form of :— "You'll pit toon a pread, matam—and a putter, matam—and a sheese, matam—and a tea, matam—shentleman's preakfast, matam—and you'll give her a shilling to carry her to the neisht town, matam!"'

The Highland army proceeded up Nithsdale, Prince Charles and his staff resting for one night at Drumlanrig Castle. Three portraits—those of King William, Queen Mary, and Queen Anne—which still adorn the walls of the mansion, bear disfiguring tokens of the visit, some of the Highland party, in order to manifest their hatred of the Royal family, having stabbed the pictures with their dirks.

The Jacobite cause received very little support from the counties of the Borderland, and though there were those who had not yet abandoned Jacobite sympathies, yet they were not willing to risk land and life for the sake

of the Stuarts. On the Scottish side of the Border, almost the only gentleman of influence who joined the army of Prince Charles Edward was James Maxwell of Kirkconnell. As we have seen, Dumfries was loyal to the reigning monarch ; Annan also supported King George, but the men of the smaller burgh thought that loyalty could be better displayed by shouting 'death to the Young Pretender,' in beershops, than engaging in perilous enterprises.

During the rebellion the magistrates and council met in the public-houses daily, to discuss the movements of the rebels. Much liquor was, of course, consumed at the expense of the burgh, and some of the publicans' bills remained unpaid till 1749.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ROYAL ARMY BESIEGES CARLISLE.

On the morning of the 21st December, just when Prince Charles was taking leave of his faithful garrison at Carlisle, the Duke of Cumberland's army marched from Penrith in three columns, towards the Border City. The centre column, under the command of the Duke, consisting of infantry, took the road by Hesket; the right column, of horse, went by Armathwaite; and the left, also horse, by way of Hutton-in-the-Forest, the whole army re-uniting on Carleton Moor, less than four miles from Carlisle. On reaching this place, Cumberland received information that the Prince's army had re-crossed the Border, leaving a garrison behind.

A story is told of an incident which took place on the arrival of the troops at Carleton, and was related to the author by a descendant of the person who rendered such useful service on that occasion. The villagers had turned out to witness the arrival of the King's army, and the Duke, desirous of obtaining a guide, rode up to a group of natives, beckoning to one

of their number to approach him. Fearing the object of the Duke was to press him into the service, the youth immediately bolted through a knot of people who had gathered at the door of the village cobbler's shop, and passing through the house, made good his escape by a back exit before the soldiers could overtake him. The chagrin of the Duke at the countryman's unceremonious flight was obviated by the cobbler, Harrington by name, who, casting aside his leather apron, came forward, desiring to know the commands of his Royal Highness. Harrington was ordered to act as guide, and led the Duke by way of Blackhall to various points around the city walls. It has been said, but no credence is placed on the statement, that it was the cobbler who suggested the site at Primrose Bank for the battery which was afterwards erected there. For his services Harrington received from the Duke's hands a parchment, signed by his Royal Highness, exempting him from being called on at any time to perform military duty. This interesting document remained in the family for many years, but was unfortunately destroyed some time ago, along with other effects, in a fire.

The Commander-in-chief now gave orders as to the disposition of his forces about the city walls. At Stanwix, on the north side, General Bland, with a regiment of dragoons and 300 infantry, took up a position in order to guard the passage of the River Eden by the bridges; Major Adams, with 200 infantry, was stationed on the south side, to prevent any attempt from the English gate; Major Meriac took up a position near the Irish gate; and Sir Andrew Agnew, with 300 men, was posted over against the sallyport. The remainder of the Royal army was cantoned in close proximity to the city, so that there remained no possibility of escape for the garrison within its walls. Having taken these precautions the Duke of Cumberland fixed his headquarters at Blackhall, and occupied the apartments where Prince Charles passed the night of the 10th November.

The Duke made a careful survey of the city, and after viewing the Castle he is reported to have termed it 'an old hen coop,' which he would speedily bring down about their ears when his artillery arrived. He also expressed 'prodigious wrath' at the surrender of Carlisle by the authorities. Had his Royal Highness directed the fusilade of his

anger upon the real culprits, roosting at Westminster, because of their unpardonable neglect of the city, his extravagant platitudes would have been nearer the mark.

Expresses had already been despatched to Whitehaven to procure cannon from merchant-ships at that port, and Ray, the historian, a volunteer serving in the Royal forces, who accompanied the party, gives a racy account of what he saw. * 'The people rose in a body and got horses and carriages ready with all expedition. There were ten pieces of eighteen-pounders, of which four were drawn by forty horses of Sir James Lowther, Bart., which went along pretty briskly; but I saw sixteen or eighteen of the country horses to a gun, and often set, the roads being very soft. . . . A great many people came out of the country to assist the King's Army with clubs and staves and such other weapons as they had, the Game-Law forbidding the use of Fire-arms.' Now that the rebels were said to be flying over the Border, leaving behind their less fortunate comrades shut up within the walls of the beleaguered city, the elation of the country folks knew no

* Ray's 'History of the Rebellion.'

bounds and they began to breathe more freely. When, therefore, orders were given to bring in a battering cannon, so great was the number of volunteers that the Duke ordered them to return home, except a few who were employed cutting timber for the batteries.

In the meantime, the garrison had made hasty preparations for the defence of the city against the artillery which would soon be trained upon it. The walls in many places had been strengthened, and the defective rampart put into serviceable condition by means of sandbags and earthwork. The guns hastily spiked by Durand had undergone some repairs and were now in the service of the rebels, as were also some of the smaller guns which Prince Charles had not been able to carry back to Scotland. The garrison which manned the walls and looked out upon the fields around the city, where the Duke of Cumberland's numerous forces were gathering like an ominous cloud on the horizon, was of quite another calibre to the garrison that gazed down upon their enemies during the fateful days of early November; yet it must have been unmistakably obvious to those skilled in defensive warfare that, though neither courage

CARLISLE CASTLE IN 1745.

(1) North-west Walls, facing the Duke of Cumberland's Battery.

(2) The Drawbridge and Moat.

From drawings by W. H. Nutter.

nor endurance were lacking in their ranks, no precautionary measure in their power would be able to withstand the terrible havoc of battering artillery.

Besides this, no adequate adjustment for a prolonged siege had been made when the garrison was augmented. There was a scarcity of provisions, and no stores of any considerable quantity had been provided. Supplies of flour from the city mills, which stood close under the walls, had been brought into the Castle before the arrival of the Duke, and on receiving this information his Royal Highness immediately cut the mill-race at the head of Denton Holme, so as to stop the mills from working. The garrison were well aware that they had nothing to fear from the Royal army till the artillery arrived, and in the meantime the Castle gunners kept up an incessant fire, but without doing much execution. On the 26th—the day before the cannon came in from Whitehaven—a party belonging to the garrison made a daring sortie from the city, under the very nose of General Bland's dragoons posted at Stanwix. Having received intimation that some of their Jacobite friends in the country would drive a flock of sheep

on to the racecourse, about eighty men with a cannon emerged from the Scotch gate, under cover of the Castle batteries, advanced upon Eden Bridges, and succeeded in driving the sheep into the town.

Amongst my notes I find a letter from Mr. John Sewell, solicitor, Carlisle, relating to an incident of the siege, which has been handed down to him. 'When the Duke of Cumberland was besieging the Prince's garrison,' he writes, 'my great-great-grandmother, then a young girl, was engaged in carrying a pitcher of beer to the Duke's soldiers in the trenches opposite the Citadel. The besieged had mounted on the walls a small cannon, or field-piece, and one of the Duke's officers, seeing the gunners levelling and preparing to fire it in their direction, called out to the girl to put down her pitcher and throw herself on the ground. Scarcely had she done so when the ball from the cannon whizzed over their heads and fell harmless in a pond some distance in the rear, whence the officer sent one of his men to fish it out, and gave it to the girl. I have, when a boy, often seen the cannon ball, which my grandfather, the late Richard Wright, of Abbey Street,

treasured in his desk, but, unfortunately, after his death, the Jacobite relic was lost sight of.'

All this time willing hands were busily engaged raising batteries in preparation for the borrowed guns, which by now were trundling along the rough country roads towards the Border City. Sites for two batteries were marked out on what was then known as Primrose Bank, an elevated piece of pastoral ground opposite to the western face of the city wall and now the North British Railway canal goods station. While these operations were in progress, the Castle guns kept up a lively fire, and a shot narrowly missed the Duke, passing between him and the engineer who supervised the works. At Stanwix, on the north side of the city, another battery was raised by a detachment of Dutch troops which had arrived from Marshal Wade's army.

CHAPTER XV.

THE DUKE CAPTURES CARLISLE.

While we await the arrival of cannon from Whitehaven, at the same time keeping clear of the desultory fire of the Castle guns, we are given an opportunity of setting down, in a few words, what history has to say of the victor of Culloden. The awful barbarities committed, at his instigation, on that fateful battle-day and after, will for ever remain a foul blot on the name of William, Duke of Cumberland, and mark him as a merciless, inhuman, and brutal victor, fully meriting the inglorious appellation 'Butcher,' by which he is best remembered. The circumstance of his having been born of high degree advanced him rapidly to distinction, and at the age of twenty-four he was appointed Commander-in-chief of the British forces in Flanders. The defeat at the battle of Fontenoy was due in no small measure to his rashness and incapacity, and when, after the battle, some French officers were informed by a British

prisoner that they had narrowly missed capturing the Duke, they replied, 'We took good care not to do so, for he does us much more service at the head of your army.' Of a liberal and generous disposition, he was popular with the army, and with all his brutal propensities and incapacity as a commander his bravery as a soldier was not questioned. Despite the glaring blunder perpetrated by the ministry of that day in his selection, the Duke's military reputation suffered no reverse in their eyes, and on the outbreak of the rebellion it was felt that his presence was necessary in England, and so he at once crossed over from Flanders and assumed command of the Royal forces then gathering at Lichfield, from whence we have accompanied him to the gates of the Border City.

Whilst the Royalist army lay round the walls of Carlisle there was no little excitement in quite another quarter, as I was able to gather from a letter written by Robert Petrie, parish minister of Canonbie, and included in Mounsey's collection, to which reference has already been made. It appears that information had reached the minister that a party of King's dragoons, quartered at Longtown,

intended plundering the manse. Mr. Petrie and his wife, having buried what valuables they could, were obliged to take to the woods at midnight, where they wandered till day-break, and were eventually sheltered in a small cottage. Learning that the dragoons had fallen on another victim while on their way to Canonbie, he returned to the manse, and immediately despatched a letter to Carlisle, craving protection, which was duly accorded him. In going through the letters I find the name of Robert Petrie occurring frequently, giving useful information to Dr. Waugh regarding the rebels' movements before they crossed the Border. Petrie was parish minister of Canonbie from 1734 to 1764. An inscription to his memory is carved on the reverse side of what is called the 'Sedilia of the Priory,' erected in Canonbie churchyard. The notices regarding the '45, both in the Presbytery and Kirk Session Records, are very meagre, simply the proclamation of a day of fasting and prayer, 'on account of a most dangerous insurrection and rebellion begun in the North of Scotland.' From those records the Rev. R. H. Kerr, M.A., the present parish minister of Canonbie, has

kindly supplied me with the following extract: 'The Session taking into their serious consideration the danger which at present threatens these lands from the wicked rebellion that is now carrying on in favour of a Popish pretender to the imminent hazard of our precious liberties, and what is infinitely more valuable, of the Protestant Reformed Religion, appoint Thursday first to be observed as a day of fasting in this parish, that the Lord in His mercy would defeat the attempts of the Pretender and his adherents and deliver us from those impending evils.' The date of this minute is 8th October, 1745, and there follows this, on the 31st of the same month: 'Last Lord's Day an act of the Synod was intimated from the pulpit appointing a warning against Popery to be read and a fast to be observed throughout the bounds of the Synod upon account of the present rebellion; and the fast was accordingly kept Thursday last and the warning read from the pulpit,' A final note appears under date January 26th, 1746: 'A proclamation for a fast day by the King was read from the pulpit, December 15th, to be observed upon Wednesday there after, which was observed upon the said day.'

To return to the state of affairs in Carlisle, it was not till towards evening of Friday, the 27th December, that the first party of country people, dragging along six eighteen-pounders, arrived from Whitehaven. These were hastily mounted on the batteries at Primrose Bank, and on the following morning three guns directed towards the Castle began to play on the four-gun battery, and three against the angle battery. As has already been observed, the rampart of the four-gun battery, in order to afford protection to the gunners, had an earthwork raised upon it, but the fire of the Duke's cannon played havoc with this, and by mid-day the position was rendered untenable. All day long the Duke's gunners kept up an incessant fire, while the detachment of Dutch troops at Stanwix began throwing shells from the battery erected there. When darkness came on the garrison immediately set to work upon the damaged earthwork, which they made good during the night, and at daybreak the four-gun battery recommenced their fire upon the artillery on Primrose Bank, the activity of which had slackened for want of ball.

In Ray's 'History of the Rebellion,' we read :

'In the night the rebels were much perplexed with cohorns that we flung into the Castle; the sailors from Whitehaven assisted in working the cannon, so that upwards of 1,100 shot were fir'd that day. We had one man killed, and the rebels sixteen killed and wounded. On the 29th it was found necessary to abate the firing from the battery for want of shot. That day I was sent to order 2,000 cannon shot, eighteen-pounders, to be made at a furnace about twenty-four miles distant from the garrison. During this interval the rebels had got their batteries repair'd, and began afresh to fire on our battery, but in the evening several horses arriving at our battery loaden with shot, his Royal Highness immediately gave orders to renew the fire, and that the guns should be levell'd at the Salley-Port, where he intended the breach should be made, at which they continued battering very briskly for two hours, and rent the walls very much. On the night of the 29th his Royal Highness ordered Belford, major of the train, to raise a new battery of three eighteen-pounders, about fifty yards to the northward of the former, which was completed by the morning; but on the first platoon of the old battery firing, the

rebels hung out a white flag, whereupon the battery ceased, and they called over the walls that they had two hostages ready to be deliver'd at the English gate.'

Previous to this, one of the Mayor's sergeants was despatched with two letters, one addressed by Governor Hamilton to the Duke of Cumberland, offering the surrender of the city and castle on condition that the garrison be allowed the privileges accorded to prisoners of war; the other letter was addressed to the commander of the Dutch troops at Stanwix by De Geoghegan, the officer in command of the French artillery in the city, summoning the Dutch commander to retire with his troops from the English army, in accordance with the terms of the capitulation of Tournay and Dendermonde. The Duke did not deign to reply to either of the letters, but instead gave orders that the Mayor's sergeant, who carried the letters, be pinioned and committed to close custody. When the white flag was hung out with the intimation that two hostages were ready at the English gate, the Duke sent Colonel Conway and Lord Bury with the following messages :—

1. 'His Royal Highness will make no exchange of hostages with rebels, and desires they will let him know what they mean by hanging out the white flag.'

2. 'To let the French officer know, if there is one in the town, that there are no Dutch troops here, but enough of the King's to chastise the Rebels, and those who dare to give them any assistance.

'Signed, Colonel Conway,

'Aid-de-Camp to his R. Highness the Duke.'

It is difficult to understand the Duke's flagrant statement that 'there are no Dutch troops here,' which, in face of the notorious fact that he had actually inspected the detachment at Stanwix only four days previously, amounted to nothing short of a palpable equivocation, quite unworthy of his Royal Highness; nor was the bombastic threat conveyed in the curt note directed to the French officer necessary. It was of little consequence whether the foreign detachment retired or not, for Cumberland well knew there were Royal troops enough now lying within striking distance of the city to reduce it when the command was given to storm the ruinous walls.

On receiving the brief reply, the officers of the dejected garrison held a consultation together. They had already lost heart and now realised that, all hope having fled, they could only throw themselves on the mercy of their victorious foes. A letter was therefore drawn up, in which the Governor, 'in name of himself and all the officers and soldiers, gunners, and others belonging to the garrison' desired to know what terms his Royal Highness would be pleased to grant upon the surrender of the city and the Castle. The letter was conveyed to the Duke's headquarters at Blackhall, and he immediately despatched Colonel Conway and Lord Bury with the following terms :—

'All the terms his R. Highness will or can grant to the rebel garrison of Carlisle are, That they shall not be put to the sword, but be reserved for the King's pleasure.

'If they consent to these conditions, the Governor and principal officers are to deliver themselves up immediately ; and the Castle, citadel, and all the gates of the town are to be taken possession of forthwith by the King's troops. All the small arms are to be lodged in the town guardroom, and the rest of the garrison are to retire to the Cathedral, where

a guard is to be placed over them. No damage is to be done to the artillery, arms, or ammunition. Headquarters, at Blackhall, Dec. 30, half an hour past two in the afternoon.

'By his R. Highness's command,

'Signed, Richmond, Lenox, and Aubigny,
'Lieutenant-General of His Majesty's Forces.'

The garrison again came together, and after a violent altercation, in which Colonel Townley, the Commandant of the city, vehemently opposed the Governor's recommendation to surrender as the only course open to them, it was ultimately decided to accept the terms offered. Accordingly, the following letter, dated 'the 30th of December, 1745, at three o'clock in the afternoon,' and signed by John Hamilton, was handed to the waiting aides-de-camp, who hurried back to the Duke's headquarters.

'The Governor of Carlisle, all the officers composing the garrison, agree to the terms of capitulation given in, and subscribed, by order of his R. Highness, by his grace the Duke of Richmond, Lenox, and Aubigny, Lieutenant-General of his Majesty's forces; recommending themselves to his R. Highness's clemency, and that his R. Highness will be pleased to inter-

pose for them with his Majesty; and that the officers cloaths and baggage may be safe, with a competent time to be allowed to the citizens of Carlisle to remove their beds, bed-cloaths, and other household furniture impressed from them for the use of the garrison of the Castle.'

After the capitulation was agreed upon, Brigadier Blight entered Carlisle, and placed there that night 400 guards and 700 foot, with a detachment of 120 horse to patrol the streets. The officers of the garrison yielded themselves prisoners immediately, and the rank and file laid down their arms in the Market Place, after which, in accordance with the terms of the agreement, they retired to the Cathedral, where a guard was set over them.

On the 31st December, 1745, the Duke of Cumberland, accompanied by his staff, and amid the acclamations of a rejoicing multitude, rode into the city and took possession, after a siege lasting ten days. 'I wish,' he is said to have afterwards exclaimed, 'I could have blooded the soldiers with these villains, but it would have cost us many a brave man, and it comes to the same end, as they have no sort of claim to the King's mercy, and I sincerely hope they will meet with none.'

'Butcher' Cumberland had the hopes of his kindly nature realised, for, of the eighteen officers who served in the Manchester Regiment, seventeen were condemned to death.

The Duke was no sooner in Carlisle than he walked round the walls, reviewed the fortifications, and desired to be brought to the house where his 'brother Prince' had lodged, 'in which he took up his lodging and slept in the same bed.'

Amongst the nobility who visited the Duke at Carlisle to congratulate him on his success, was a deputation from Edinburgh, soliciting his Royal Highness to honour that city with a visit, if he came to Scotland. They were received in the most gracious manner, and had the honour of dining with him.

He immediately ordered into custody the Mayor (Mr. Joseph Backhouse) and the Town Clerk (Mr. Pearson), both of whom he sent to London. The following citizens were also placed under lock and key:—Major Farrer, Dr. Douglas; Mr. Graham, apothecary; Mr. Davison, grocer; Francis Hewitt, merchant; John Creighton, the person accused of having betrayed the plot of the townsmen to seize the Castle; Andrew Simpson, butcher; and Mr.

Salkeld of Whitehall. It is worthy of note that Pattinson, the Deputy-Mayor, escaped this humiliation. Had he been deserving of suspicion, as has been stated, he would doubtless have accompanied his fellow-townsmen to London.

On the 3rd of January the Duke of Cumberland, having spent little more than two days in the city, set out for London, where his presence was thought necessary, that he might be ready in case of an invasion by the French, from whom a descent was expected. Advice had come to hand that an embarkation of troops was being carried on with great expedition at Dunkirk, most of the vessels to be employed being already there, and that equipment was put on board for 1,000 horse. The coasts were now carefully watched, and all cattle and everything that might be serviceable to the enemy after landing were removed. Such was the state of affairs in the country when the Duke, having covered himself with glory, returned to London, leaving General Hawley in command to follow the Prince to Scotland.

OLD CARLISLE.

(1) Highland horsemen entering the Scotch Gate.

(2) The Irish Gate on the West Wall.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK.

Let us now follow the fortunes of Prince Charles, ere we turn again to the closing scenes on the Borderland. We left the Highland army in Nithsdale, pursuing their way to Glasgow, where, on the 25th of November, Lord Elcho arrived with the cavalry, a day in advance of the main body. Glasgow very soon gave proof that her citizens were in no mood to accord the rebel army any more cordial welcome than Dumfries had vouchsafed, and in retaliation the magistrates were ordered to furnish the army with 6,000 shortcoats, 6,000 pairs of stockings, and 1,200 shirts. The Prince now carefully surveyed his position; his army had dwindled to some 3,600 foot and 500 horse, and was by this time in a very pitiable condition. He was cheered, however, by the intelligence that, since his departure for England, various clans had risen in his favour, whilst Lord John Drummond, who had arrived at Montrose with the Royal Scots and French

Piquets the previous month, was now on his way to join forces with him. With the augmentation of these numbers, Prince Charles now found himself in command of a formidable army of nearly 9,000 men, the largest force he had as yet had under his command.

He now determined to lay siege to Stirling Castle, and on the 3rd of January the Prince left Glasgow, arriving on the following day at Bannockburn House, where he fixed his headquarters, whilst the army occupied the villages in the neighbourhood. He soon discovered, however, that Stirling Castle, secure upon a rugged bluff of grey rock, was proof against all the engineering skill the attacking force could devise; but Charles had now, perforce, to turn his attention in another direction. Wade's battalions, ordered from Newcastle to reinforce the Royal army at Edinburgh, had arrived, and General Hawley, at the head of some 8,000 or 9,000 men, marched from the Scottish capital to raise the siege of Stirling. The army, with a train of ten fieldpieces, advanced in two columns and united at Falkirk, where the troops encamped. It was anticipated that Hawley would make an immediate attack, but he showed no disposition to move, and so

far did he neglect the responsibilities of his position by his utter contempt of what he satirically called the 'Highland rabble,' that he did not trouble to send out patrols. Thus, while the English army lay idly in camp within a few short furlongs of the enemy, General Hawley himself was quartered at Callander House, enjoying the hospitality of the fascinating Countess of Kilmarnock, whose husband was in the rebel army. The movements of the Highlanders being undeterred by the presence of the enemy scouts, the chiefs resorted to tactics which had stood them in such good stead throughout the campaign and had rarely failed to put their foes on the wrong trail. Carrying the royal standard and other colours, Lord John Drummond was ordered to advance upon the direct road stretching from Stirling to Falkirk with his regiment and the cavalry, in order to make a display in view of the English, thus leading the enemy to imagine that the whole Highland force was advancing in that direction. Meanwhile, Lord George Murray, with the main body, crossed the River Carron and proceeded to Falkirk Muir, a rugged piece of hilly ground, which lay to the left of the English camp. It was just about

noon of that day—January 17th—that General Huske, who was second in command of the Royal forces, perceived the column of Lord John Drummond—the unexpected appearance of which was engaging the undivided attention of the English—advancing along the Falkirk road. The drums immediately beat to arms, and the men, who were busily occupied preparing for dinner, hastily formed in line in front of their camp just as the main body of Highlanders, under Lord George, was seen hurrying to gain the heights. Huske despatched a messenger to Callander House for Hawley, who, on being apprised of the unexpected turn of events, rushed from the house without his hat, and springing into the saddle, dashed in breathless haste to the camp. A glance taught the English commander that the new situation was one which would brook no delay, and he immediately ordered the dragoons, under Ligioner, to gallop to Falkirk Muir, in an endeavour to gain the top of the rising ground before the enemy, the infantry to follow with fixed bayonets. There was now a race between the armies who should be the first to reach the heights, and the Highlanders, toiling up the one side, had almost gained the

crest, when the dragoons appeared above them. A blinding storm of wind and rain swept the ridge, blowing straight in the faces of the King's troops as they bore down upon the Highlanders. Drawing together in close formation, the latter prepared to meet the terrible onslaught, reserving their fire till the horsemen were not more than ten paces away, when, at the command 'Fire!' they discharged their muskets with such deadly effect that the dragoons were completely broken. The clansmen, throwing down their muskets, as was their custom, now rushed upon the foe, sword in hand, with terrible fury, broke their ranks, and put them to flight. On the extreme right of the English army, however, the Highlanders were not so successful. Prevented from pursuing their own mode of attack owing to a deep ravine which lay between them and three English regiments, who lay protected behind a ridge, the clansmen were exposed to a withering fire, which played havoc in their ranks, and just when they were on the point of retreating a detachment of dragoons dashed into their midst, scattering them right and left, and compelling the discomfited Highlanders to fly in disorder.

At this critical juncture, strange though it may seem, both armies were in flight at the same time, but, with the exception of the three regiments who had successfully repulsed and put to flight the Highlanders at the extreme end of the line, the whole of Hawley's army was completely routed, the greater part having fled to Linlithgow, ten miles off, abandoning artillery, camps, stores, and accoutrements, leaving behind them some 500 killed and 700 prisoners, while the killed and wounded among the Highlanders did not exceed 130 men. On the following day General Hawley reached Edinburgh with his troops in a pitiable state of disorder.

'After an easy victory,' writes Sheridan,* 'we remained masters of the field of battle; but as it was near five o'clock before it ended, and as it required time for the Highlanders to recover their muskets, rejoin their colours, and form again in order, it was quite night before we could follow the fugitives. The Prince, who at the beginning of the action had been conjured, for the love of his troops, not to

* Extract from an account of the battle of Falkirk transmitted by Sir Thomas Sheridan to the kings of France and Spain.

expose himself, was in the second line of the piquets, but as soon as the left wing was thrown into some disorder, he flew to their relief with an ardour that was not to be restrained. In the disposition of his troops he followed the advice of Lord George Murray, who commanded the right wing and fought on foot during the whole action at the head of his Highlanders. Lord John Drummond commanded the left, and distinguished himself extremely.'

Scarcely had the din of battle ceased and the echo of the clansmen's exultant huzzas died away, than dissension broke out in the Highland host, and it was palpably clear that the victory of Falkirk had resulted in no tangible advantage to the cause of Prince Charles. Clan jealousies were again rife; angry disputations arose. Accusations were wantonly flung from one chieftain to another, the gravamen of charges being the lack of capable leadership in not following up the victory, thus allowing the enemy to escape annihilation. Nor were these fiery arguments confined to the officers, but quickly spread to the ranks, and were taken up with even more venom than that displayed by their chiefs.

The upshot was that many of the Highlanders, grown weary in the service, took to plundering, and having collected what booty they could, made their way back to their homes across the hills.

The Jacobite army was now reduced to a mere shadow of its former self, and after wasting two weeks before the impregnable walls of Stirling Castle, in direct opposition to the better judgment of his chiefs, Charles eventually, but with the greatest reluctance, consented to at once retire to the Highlands; and so, on February 1st, the retreat began. The army divided into two portions, the Prince proceeding in the direction of the Grampians, and the rest of the force, under Lord George Murray, marching by Montrose and Aberdeen, Inverness being given as the place where the two columns were to re-unite.

CHAPTER XVII.

CULLODEN.

The defeat of the Royal forces at Falkirk caused great consternation in London, and the Duke of Cumberland was directed to proceed to Scotland immediately to take command. Thus, on the very day that Prince Charles left Stirling, the Duke marched from Edinburgh, at the head of a powerful army, in hot pursuit. At Falkirk Cumberland despatched the dragoons and the Argyllshire men to hurry after the rebels, in the hope of overtaking them, but in vain, 'for their precipitate flight,' says the Duke (*vide* State Papers, Scotland, February 1st, 1746), 'is not to be described; their own men say that they will not give us a chance of coming up with them.'

On the 16th of February Charles was at Moy Hall, about ten miles from Inverness, and two days later took possession of the Highland capital, with Culloden immediately in front. The winter of 1745-46 was one of fearful

severity, and to add to its hardships the dearth throughout the Highlands was very great. Although the Prince's forces had been in Inverness for some length of time and it was evident a decisive battle was imminent, no proper arrangements for it appear to have been made; when, therefore, Culloden loomed ahead, Charles was not prepared for it.

Arriving at Aberdeen, the Royalist army went into winter quarters, and whilst waiting there, 'Butcher' Cumberland took the opportunity to punish all Jacobite sympathisers by burning the houses and raiding the estates of those who were with the Prince's army. Not till April 8th did the Duke of Cumberland quit Aberdeen to continue his march, the country by that date being sufficiently clear of snow and the roads rendered dry enough for the progress of his troops. On the 12th he crossed the Spey, and arrived at Nairn on the 14th, where he remained preparing for the impending battle. The next day was the royal commander's birthday, and by his orders extra rations of brandy, cheese, and biscuits were served out to rank and file at his own expense, and in the evening the Duke entertained his principal officers to supper at his quarters.

What of the object of his quest? The dearth of the country had told severely upon the ranks of the Highlanders, as owing to lack of money and the difficulty of providing for a large body of troops, some of the clansmen had been sent to their homes, with orders to return when required. Those Highlanders who still remained with the main body, without pay and very indifferently supplied with provisions, were in a somewhat disorganised condition when news of the advance of the English army made it imperative that the Highland army should be concentrated as rapidly as possible for what must be the decisive action. The prospect of again meeting the enemy made the clansmen forget the bitter privations they had endured, and when, on April the 14th, the army assembled on Drumossie Moor, five miles from Inverness, the men numbered about 7,000. Through the mismanagement of the Prince's commissariat officer, supplies brought in were barely sufficient to provide each man with one small coarse bannock for the day, although within easy distance of Inverness, where there was plenty of meal to be had. This was, indeed, an unfortunate circumstance, for on that meagre portion of

food the already half-starved clansmen had to march off to endure the rigours of a night attack on the English, lying at Nairn, twelve miles distant. At eight o'clock the Prince's army set out, and having to march along a rough and hilly road, encountering many difficulties in the darkness which impeded their progress, it was almost daylight before the Highland army got within three miles of Nairn. The distant roll of drums announced that the English were awake, and the plan of a night attack had thus to be given up. The army, disappointed and disheartened, returned to its former position at Culloden, worn out with fatigue. The men were in a pitiable condition ; some threw themselves down by the roadside to sleep, others straggled off in search of food. When, therefore, the alarm of the approaching column of the enemy was passed along at eleven o'clock, every possible effort was exerted to collect the scattered clansmen who had formed up in order the previous day, but instead of 7,000 fresh and vigorous men, only 5,000 exhausted but devoted followers of Prince Charles were now on the ground to give battle to a highly-trained, well-fed army double their number.

Confident of victory, Cumberland proudly marched his men over the marshy ground, with drums beating and colours flying. By twelve o'clock the Royal troops were well on the moor, where the Duke disposed his army in three lines with cannon between every regiment of the first and second division, and the cavalry on the flanks. At one o'clock the Highland guns opened an ill-directed fire, which was immediately replied to by the English artillery under Colonel Belford, with such effect that in less than half an hour the clansmen, unable longer to endure the galling fire, and led by Lord George Murray, rushed forward on the English lines. The Macdonalds on the left, however, did not join the rest of the clans in their forward rush, but remained sullen and inactive, considering themselves unpardonably insulted by not being given the post of honour on the right, which had always been theirs since Bannockburn. They did, indeed, discharge their muskets, but refused to advance, and there, amid a ceaseless storm of grape-shot and musketry, submitting to be decimated by the English guns rather than overlook such a slight, stood the brave but proud Macdonalds.

The desperate charge of the right and centre of the Highlanders almost entirely destroyed the English first line, and yet, though sadly diminished in numbers, the infuriated clansmen, with dripping broadswords, rushed on at the second line. One deadly volley rolled in on them as they neared the bayonets, but the next moment the clansmen had closed with their antagonists, and through that living barricade the claymores cleft a wide and terrible gap. Bravely those men fought, but they perished all together on the spot where the great Cairn of Culloden commemorates their matchless valour; and thus did the clans take their last farewell of history. *'. . . And what of Macgillivray, the giant leader of the Macintoshes? Yonder he is, a gunshot past the enemy's cannon. How he fights! Another, and another. A dozen men have fallen before his broadsword. But see—ah!—a halberd has been run through his body. He has fallen beside the well. Dead? Yes, but not until he has carried to the spring a wounded boy who has asked for water. See Gillie Macbean, too! His companions have fled, but with his back against a wall, with

*' Prince Charles Edward,' p. 218 (Hadden).

targe and claymore, he keeps at bay a party of dragoons, who contend for the honour of killing him. Macbean is cut to pieces, but thirteen of his enemies lie dead around him!'

The Battle of Culloden commenced about one o'clock, and before two everything was lost and Prince Charles a fugitive.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PRINCE CHARLES A FUGITIVE.

The memory of the horrible barbarities perpetrated after the battle by the orders of 'Butcher' Cumberland remain an indelible blot on the name of the conqueror of Culloden, nor would we defile these pages by recounting at length his atrocious acts. Suffice it to say that 1,200 Highlanders were slain on the field of battle and in the pursuit; but not content with this carnage, the English, at Cumberland's orders, overran the field and massacred the miserable wretches as they lay maimed and dying. A barn in which several wounded Highlanders had taken refuge was set on fire, and as the unhappy inmates tried to escape they were driven back into the flames at the point of the bayonet. It is said that 'the royal butcher' ordered Major Wolfe, the future conqueror of Quebec, to shoot a young Highland chief who was wounded and unable to defend himself; to the everlasting honour of Wolfe, he replied, 'My commission is at the

disposal of your Royal Highness, but I cannot consent to become an executioner.'

After Culloden the Duke of Cumberland brought back to Edinburgh a number of the captured standards and had them publicly burned at the Cross. Prince Charlie's own banner was burned by the common hangmen, and thirteen others by as many sweeps.

Charles fled from the field of battle and eventually escaped to the island of Skye, where the heroic Flora Macdonald succeeded in baffling his pursuers till he returned to the mainland, to be surrounded by still greater dangers. At one time he was concealed for three weeks by seven outlaws, whose home was in a cave in the mountains. For five months Prince Charles was a fugitive, with a reward of £30,000 set upon his head, and after many hairbreadth escapes, he, with some of his followers, succeeded in embarking in a French vessel at Lochnanaugh, on September 20th, and escaped to France.

It was almost at the very place where, fourteen months before, he had landed to begin that perilous adventure well-nigh surpassing anything to be found written on the pages of romance, and which will always be known in

history as 'The Jacobite Rising of the Forty-five.'

'There is not,' says James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, speaking of Charles' experiences in the Highlands after Culloden, 'an incident recorded in the various narratives that does not reflect rays of honour on the character of the Highlanders, and rays of no ordinary splendour. No mercenary consideration could induce the meanest peasant to swerve from the high principles of honour for which that people have so often been lauded; the trust confided in them was held sacred, though imprisonment and death threatened on the one side, and riches and power on the other; their fate fulfilled the threat!'

It is not the object of this book to recount the subsequent wanderings of the hero of the '45, who in later years gave way to habits and excesses which inevitably sunk to the lowest depths the once bonnie Prince Charlie; a sad end to a life which opened with such bright hopes, an end which points so poignant a contrast to the gallant days when Charles Edward marched in all the glory and bloom of youth at the head of the Highland army. Had the young Chevalier died on the field of

Culloden the story of that poor wasted life would never have had to be told, and his name would have been fragrant in the memories of men as that of bonnie Prince Charlie, whom Scotland saw, and Scotland loved, in the stirring days of the ill-starred '45.

'As time rolls on,' says Mounsey, 'and change of circumstances gives a new direction to the antipathies of men, we come to form a more correct judgment of the past. The character of Charles Edward has hitherto taken its colour mainly from the latter years of his life, when blasted hopes, and bitter retrospect of opportunities lost, and of friends involved in irretrievable ruin, appear to have overpowered his better feelings and driven him to a careless and sensual course of life. Yet it is impossible to review his earlier career—the bold conception which aimed at the crown of Britain by a *coup de main*, as it were, the gallant bearing which won the hearts of all who approached him and wrought up the Highlanders almost to the realisation of his own daring views, his humanity and constant generosity in success, contrasting so markedly with the cruelty and meanness of his opponents, his courage and constancy in

defeat and peril—without feeling that the constitution of his mind was of the better order, and that his misfortunes much outweighed his faults.' On the 30th of January, 1788, Prince Charles Edward Stuart breathed his last.

Having taken a last farewell of Prince Charles we return to witness the closing scenes enacted within the sound of the Cathedral bells of Carlisle.

CHAPTER XIX.

TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF REBELS.

The Duke of Cumberland had returned to London leaving a considerable garrison at Carlisle, over which General Sir Charles Howard was appointed Governor. He arrived soon after the departure of the Duke and immediately set to work clearing the city of its prisoners, which he sent off in batches to Lancaster and Chester. Nor were the ecclesiastical dignitaries sorry when they saw the last of the rebel prisoners file out of their prison-house, the Cathedral, which, owing to the men being housed together under most unsanitary conditions, was left in a very filthy state. 'The Rebels made a most nasty church,' writes one of Dr. Waugh's correspondents, 'which will not be fit for service for a long while; and left the smallpox, of which many of our soldiers have fallen down, and some dead.'

The mortality amongst the King's troops was very great; between the 20th January and

15th June, 1745-6, there were no less than 111 buried in St. Cuthbert's and St. Mary's churchyards.

'The flags being old, spungy, and ill-laid,' says another report, 'the earth under them is corrupted, and till that is removed the Cathedral Church will not be sweet, nor will it be safe to have service in it.' It was not until towards the end of February, after much 'burning of sulphur and tar,' that the Cathedral became in a fit condition for worship once more.

A demand for the Cathedral bells, as being his perquisite on the capture of the city, was made by Colonel Belford, the commandant of the Duke's artillery. At this suggestion the clergy were at once up in arms, and overtures were made to the Duke, claiming that the bells were the property, not of the city, but of the Dean and Chapter, who, during a trying and difficult time, had stood loyally for the King. It would appear that his Royal Highness was in no way interested whether the bells hung in the roof of the Cathedral or were carted south; however, Colonel Belford left the town without pressing the matter further, and nothing more was heard about the claim.

CARLISLE CATHEDRAL. From an old drawing.

And now as regards another story. It has been generally accepted as a fact that the last peal ever rung on the Cathedral bells was on the 18th of November, 1745, when Prince Charles Edward made his triumphant entry into Carlisle, and it was universally believed that a solemn decree had been passed on the bells that they should remain silent for 100 years. In this tradition, however, there appears to be not a particle of truth. 'The tradition,' says Chancellor Prescott in his translation of the Cathedral Statutes, 'that the bells were not rung for 100 years after 1745 is a pure invention, as shown by the Chapter records of subsequent ringing.' During the inauguration of the new bells in memory of the late Dean Rashdall, on 12th November, 1925, there appeared in the daily press very calumnious paragraphs setting forth once more this claim, one paper even going the length of stating that :—'Researches in the Dean and Chapter Registry of Carlisle make it clear that the last time the bells were rung as a peal was in 1745. This was the occasion on which Prince Charles Edward Stuart was welcomed to Carlisle, though there is no official record to be found. It is believed, however,

that it was thought advisable to say as little as possible about the Prince Charlie episode, and, according to a story which has been current, the Hanoverian Government, in revenge for the Jacobite sympathy shown, forbade the ringing of the bells of Carlisle for 100 years.' Another newspaper went even further, and, forsaking the 'tradition' theory, adopted the 'historic' vein, proclaiming as a fact that 'This display of Jacobite sympathies, or of time-serving instincts on the part of the authorities, gave dire offence at Court, and the Government passed an ordinance, forbidding them to be rung for 100 years; but after the victory of Waterloo the citizens rebelled against this ukase, and, forcing their way up to the belfry, struck the bells with hammers, in order to sound a note of triumph. In their patriotic enthusiasm they cracked one of the bells, and the bells continued silent for over 100 years.'

Mr. James Walter Brown* has gone to very great pains in exposing these libels. 'This *canard*,' he says, 'was thus newly hatched. Up till then the story of the cracked bell had

* 'Round Carlisle Cross,' 5th Series, p. 107; and 6th Series, p. 56.

been as told by R. W. Billings in his book on the Cathedral, published in 1838, namely, that the third bell was cracked while ringing during the rejoicing for peace after Waterloo. It will be observed,' continues Mr. Brown, 'that Billings, writing only twenty-three years after the victory, says the bell was cracked while *ringing*, and has nothing about a horde of citizens striking the bells with hammers. Neither has tradition anything to say about it.'

The departure of the ill-fated garrison left by Prince Charles for the defence of Carlisle must have presented a very melancholy scene when, on the 10th of January, 1746, the unfortunate men filed through the ancient archway of the English gate, escorted by a squadron of the King's dragoons, to the prisons of Lancaster and Chester, whose gates had been thrown open for their reception. 'The officers were placed on horse-back, their legs tied under the bellies of their horses, their arms pinioned so as to afford them barely the power of holding the bridle; each horse was tied to the tail of the one before it. The privates were on foot, each man's arms tied, the whole marching two abreast fastened to a rope ranging between them. The Governor, Hamilton, went first,

his horse led by a dragoon with drawn sword, then followed the officers, and dragoons in the rear. The foot were preceded by two dragoons, one of whom held the rope to which the prisoners were attached, the whole were followed up by a body of dragoons. . . . Disarmed and manacled, they were delivered over to the law, that terrible law, which awards to the murderer a less bloody doom than it deals to the traitor.' And little did the members of that long trail of manacled humanity dream, as they wended their way over the rising ground of Gallows Hill at Harraby, that many of their number were destined to return once more, only to suffer the horrid doom of the gibbet, while others were fated to pay the same dire penalty elsewhere, and their senseless gory heads alone returned, to be ignominiously exposed over the grim gateway through which they had just passed.

The chief men of the captured garrison were tried for high treason in London. Among these was Colonel Francis Townley, the unfortunate officer left by Prince Charles Edward to hold the city of Carlisle against the advancing army of the Duke of Cumberland. He came up for trial at the Court Houses, St.

Margaret's Hill, Southwark, on July 15th, 1746. In virtue of the position held by Townley during his brief role of commandant, the name of the originator of the Manchester Regiment calls for more than a passing mention at this point. A brief account of his trial cannot fail to vividly recall the nature of the ordeal which those ill-fated prisoners had to endure, who faced their trial on the heinous charge of high treason, culminating, in the majority of cases, in the grisly penalty following on conviction. Townley was a Lancashire man, said to be of good family and education, and had inherited strong Jacobite sympathies from his father, Charles Townley, who was implicated for his participation in the rebellion of 1715, and narrowly escaped the gallows. In his twenty-third year Colonel Townley crossed to France, where he held a commission in the French army for many years. He returned to England, in 1742, and on the outbreak of the rebellion received from the King of France a colonel's commission to enable him to raise men for the service of Prince Charles Edward. Townley joined the rebels on their southward march, and raised what was known as the Manchester Regiment.

The indictment against him charged that he, Francis Townley, on the 10th day of November, 1745, 'did appear arrayed in hostile manner at the City of Carlisle in the County of Cumberland, with 3,000 persons and upwards, in a tumultuous and rebellious manner, with guns, swords, clubs, staves, and other weapons offensive and defensive, with drums beating, colours flying, pipes playing, and there, being so arrayed, did in a warlike and hostile manner, levy a cruel war, and took possession of the said City of Carlisle, and the Citadel of the same City, being a City and Citadel of our Sovereign Lord the King that now is, and the same City did keep, sustain, and defend.'

The counsel for the King were the Attorney-General, Sir John Strange; the Solicitor-General, Sir Richard Lloyd; and the Hon. Mr. York; and for the prisoner, Mr. Sergeant Wynne and Mr. Clayton. To the indictment Townley pleaded Not Guilty, after which the case for the prosecution was set forth at great length and in close detail by counsel. It stated that the prisoner 'did assemble in a warlike manner, and procured arms, ammunition, and other instruments of war, and composed a

regiment for the service of the Pretender, . . . and unlawfully did seize His Majesty's Treasure in many places for the service of their villainous cause, and took away the horses and other goods, merchandize, and chattles of many of His Majesty's peaceful subjects. And that the prisoner, with other rebels, frequently caused the Pretender's son to be proclaimed in a publick and solemn manner as Regent of these realms, and himself marched at the head of a pretended regiment, which he called the Manchester Regiment . . . and wore a white cockade and a plaid sash, as a mark of authority. At Carlisle he acted as Commandant of the City, and gave out orders to the garrison, amongst which he ordered that the houses of some of His Majesty's faithful subjects to be set on fire,' &c., &c. Several witnesses were called by the prosecution; these, for the most part, had served in the ranks of the rebel army, and were only too eager to give what flimsy evidence they had against their chief, in order to save their own unworthy heads.

Among the witnesses called by the prosecution, to give evidence during the trials of the rebels at London, was Samuel Maddox, a youth of eighteen, the apprentice of a

Manchester apothecary, who, on the promise of a free pardon, had volunteered to give the information desired by the accusers. In his evidence Maddox, who was an ensign, deposed that during the march to Carlisle he intimated to the prisoner his inclination to return home, but was intimidated from doing so by being threatened that if he did he would have his brains knocked out. This witness further deposed that, when the rebel army reached Carlisle, the prisoner was made Commandant of Carlisle by the Old Pretender's son, who also gave him a commission to raise a regiment of horse, and when the main body of the rebel army marched into Scotland Townley took command of the rebel forces left there. Maddox averred that the prisoner then gave orders for the guns to be mounted, and also ordered some of the rebel army to make a sally out of Carlisle to bring in some sheep, and that the prisoner mounted the walls with a pistol in his hand to give notice of the disposition of the King's forces; also that, shortly before the capitulation, this witness observed the prisoner in a heated disputation with Colonel Hamilton, the Governor of the Castle, for surrendering the place and not

making a defence to the last, and that he heard the prisoner declare that it was better to die by the sword than to fall into the hands of those Hanoverians.

Another witness, Davison by name, a grocer of Carlisle, on being called and sworn, deposed that he had seen the prisoner at Carlisle, and was present when he ordered a house to be set on fire, and on Davison asking the prisoner the reason for his action, his excuse was that several of the Elector of Hanover's men had fired from it and annoyed his men.

The counsel for the prisoner pleaded that, through some misfortune, his family had to return to France in 1728, that the prisoner had, for many years, been in the service of the King of France, from whom he received a commission, and consequently was as much in the service of France as any officer in the French army ; therefore, said counsel, he had as just a right to the cartel as any French officer that had been taken by the English during the rebellion, and though the prisoner at the bar should unhappily be found acting in this rebellion, yet as he acted under a commission from the French King, he had a right to the

cartel for settling the exchange of prisoners who might be taken on either side in the war then carried on between the two kingdoms.

Townley was found guilty, and at Kennington Common, on the 30th July, 1746, he suffered the unspeakable horrors of execution as then performed, after which his head was exposed on Temple Bar.

It is said that, some years after these troublous times, through the instrumentality of an optician, who in the course of his business lent out glasses to people desirous of viewing the heads on Temple Bar, the skull of Colonel Townley was obtained by his relatives, in whose possession it remained.

Many of the prisoners who had been sent to Lancaster, Newcastle, and Whitehaven, were brought back to stand their trial at Carlisle, where already a number of Highlanders, who had been taken at Culloden, were awaiting that dreadful experience. Altogether there were 382 prisoners, and, owing to the miserably inadequate accommodation provided for them in the Gaol and Castle, these unhappy wretches were unceremoniously huddled together in small, ill-ventilated apartments under conditions of which one almost shudders to think.

When the trial commenced it was at once found impossible to go through the usual formality of administering justice to so large a number. It was, therefore, arranged that the men should draw lots for the selection of one out of every twenty to stand trial, the remaining nineteen to submit to a sentence of transportation for life. By this means the number for trial was reduced to 127. With the exception of two of them—Sir Archibald Primrose (an ancestor of the Earl of Rosebery) and Captain Hay, who were 'allowed the privelege of the County Jail'—these prisoners heavily ironed, were thrust into a cell in the massive old Norman keep of the Castle, which has been described by one writer as a veritable 'Hole of Calcutta.' Since that far-off day those who have been shown into the dank, ill-lit cell wherein these wretched men were confined have, without hesitation, formed an opinion of the inhumanity of those in authority, who could consign so great a number of their countrymen to such a place, under such revolting circumstances.

It was with difficulty that definite evidence against the individuals could be obtained, and during the interval between the indictment

and the trial many of the citizens of Carlisle were summoned to the Castle, fifteen at a time, to identify such of the rebel prisoners as they could swear to, and many of them were challenged in that way, though, as was said in a contemporary letter, they, having coats and breeches instead of plaids and kilts, were not so easily recognised by those who saw them in nothing but dirty plaids.

When the court resumed, on the 9th of September, many of the prisoners pleaded guilty, and the great majority of those who stood their trial were convicted.

Among the prisoners brought to trial at Carlisle was Thomas Coppock, who, during the rebels' occupation, had conferred upon him the dignity of Bishop of Carlisle by the Prince himself. He was twenty-seven years of age, and appeared at the bar in his gown and cassock. It was fully proved by many witnesses that he joined the rebels at Manchester, and continued with them in their march to Derby and back to Carlisle. At the trial it was asserted that he had preached several times, in Manchester, from the text, Psalm xcviii, 1, 'The Lord is king, the earth may be glad thereof.' On one occasion, at the

Parish Church, Coppock, by the Prince's orders, read prayers and preached, selecting the Jacobites' favourite text, 'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.' At Carlisle Coppock prayed for King James, Charles Prince of Wales, Regent of England, and the Duke of York. He acted as quartermaster to the Manchester Regiment, of which he was chaplain. When at Carlisle he billeted himself in the house of Chancellor Waugh, and was later accused, perhaps falsely, of ransacking drawers and desks in search of money belonging to 'his diocese.' There is no doubt, however, that Coppock and his comrades in arms made merry over the departed Chancellor's wine, much to the vexation of honest Mr. Wardale, the Chancellor's curate, who was left in charge.

It would appear, however, that the youthful 'bishop' was not wanting in courage when work, other than of his supposed calling, was to be done, for it is said that, on the way to Derby, he took two prisoners with his own hands, and at Carlisle, doffing his clerical habit, and with a hanger at his side and wearing a white cockade, took part in mounting guard and other military duties; the

garrison, as we know, was small, and his help no doubt was needed. There appeared to be a bitter feeling against Coppock, and in a letter written to a cousin in Manchester, he alleged that the Duke of Cumberland had ordered him to be harshly used, and to be kept on half a pound of bread a day, 'with nothing to drink but nasty water.'

Ere the arrival in the city of Sir Charles Howard the ill-favour of the mock bishop had already spread beyond the city walls, for, on the new governor taking up his residence in Dr. Waugh's house, in the course of a letter to the Chancellor, he said:—'Your house accommodates me very well, and I believe you are better satisfied with my being quartered here than Parson Coppock, who I sent pinioned to Lancaster Gaol, the most wicked and profligate fellow that ever was.'

At the trial Coppock was nominally defended by Mr. Graham, the advocate for the Scottish prisoners, but he called for pen and ink and took his defence into his own hands. The evidence of his father and Mary Humphreys (his sweetheart) was of no avail, the jury found him guilty in two minutes after a trial lasting nearly five hours.

On September 22nd all the convicted prisoners were brought to the bar to receive sentence of death. Coppock is said to have consoled an agitated fellow-prisoner, Brand, the Scottish quartermaster who was captured at Ecclefechan before the rebels reached Carlisle, with the assurance that they would not be tried by a Cumberland jury in the next world!

While awaiting execution Coppock made a daring bid for freedom, an account of which is taken from the contemporary, 'Gentleman's Magazine':—'Carlisle, September 27. Bishop Coppock with six more rebel prisoners in the Castle had sawed off their irons by an instrument prepared by a new method; they laid a silk handkerchief single over the mouth of a drinking glass, and ty'd it hard at the bottom, then struck the edge of a case knife on the brim of the glass (thus covered to prevent noise) until it became a saw; with such knives they cut their irons, and when the teeth were blunt, they had recourse to the glass to renew it. A knife will not cut a handkerchief when struck upon it in like manner.'

Another account adds that the little noise

they made was overheard by the sentinels, who informed their officers, whereupon the guard was doubled and the attempt frustrated. Though his hopes of escaping the dread penalty which already hung over his head for the misdeeds he had flagrantly committed had been shattered, yet the undaunted Coppock did not scruple to send petitions to King George and the Archbishop of Canterbury craving pardon, pleading that he was forced into the Prince's service, &c. On receiving the petition addressed to him, the Archbishop immediately endorsed it:—'Thomas Coppock is in deacon's orders, and for bringing a forg'd Testimonium was remov'd from a Curacy in Kent,' and with this sole support to the plea of a wayward son the document was sent to the Duke of Newcastle.

On October 18th, 1746, Thomas Coppock, the mock Bishop of Carlisle, was drawn on a brand new sledge through the English gate, on which were already fixed the heads of his erstwhile comrades, Chadwick and Berwick, to the place of execution at Harraby Hill, outside the city.

In his history of the rebellion, Ray's reference to Coppock is brief but concise:—

'Thomas Coppock, of Lancashire, made by the Pretender Bishop of Carlisle, but he did not continue long in his Bishoprick, and was the first of his function that I ever knew to be hang'd,' after which follows a crude but lively epitaph in the peculiar humour of these times :—

'Beneath this stone a Bishop lies,
In sure and certain hope,
Who did by curs'd rebellion rise,
But fell by hempen-rope.
Ah! Tom, thy politicks did fail,
When first thou did aspire:
Thy splendid palace prov'd a gaol,
And brother rogues thy choir.
Thy golden keys were stole be sure,
Which made this wild mistake:
Instead of op'ning heaven's door,
Did thee a prisoner make;
Thy mitre's heavier far than lead,
Ah! who thy fate can alter,
They press'd thy proud presumptuous head,
Thy garter prov'd thy halter;
Then say of him, there lies a fool,
Altho' a Bishop was his stile;
The first so made by Burban's tool,
In this our British Isle;
Hence Chevalier stay thy hand,
From granting such promotions,
Unless thy prelates firmer stand
To functions and devotions.'

Not all the cases which occupied the undivided attention of English judges and

juries at the criminal courts during the rebel trials of 1746 had so melancholy an ending. Amongst a batch of prisoners who came up for trial at York was one, Piper Ballantine. He pleaded that he was forced into the service by a party of rebels, who took him by violence as he lay in bed, threatened to stab him if he did not come with them, and did not so much as give him time to put on his clothes. The prisoner further stated that his captors afterwards placed a guard over him to prevent him escaping. There were several other instances in the piper's favour, and the jury acquitted him. Upon hearing the verdict, the poor fellow was in such a transport of joy that he threw his bonnet to the roof of the Court and cried out, 'My lords and gentlemen, I thank you! Not guilty! Not guilty! Not guilty! Pray, God bless King George for ever! I'll serve him all the days of my life!' and immediately ran out into the Castle yard with his irons trailing over the stones, took up a handful of channel-water, and drank his Majesty's health.

The little town of Brampton, which had figured so prominently during the Prince's sojourn in the Borderland, had now to witness

THE CAPON TREE.

The small stump in the centre foreground was all that remained at the beginning of the present century.

the grim aftermath of that ill-fated expedition. On the boughs of the Capon Tree, which once reared its lofty head by the side of the old Gelt Road, near the farm which bears the same name, six rebels were hanged on the 21st of October, 1746. They were Colonel James Innes, Peter Lindsay, Thomas Park, Peter Taylor, Michael Delard, and Ronald Macdonald. Like the greater number who were brought to the gallows at that time, it is said that they met their fate unflinchingly, glorying in their conduct, and praying for the Prince up to their last moments.

For many years afterwards the tree was supposed to be haunted; it was even believed that on the anniversary of the day of execution the spirits of the rebels were to be seen flitting about with airy ropes around their necks. They have now, with the generation which stood in awe of them, altogether flitted away, and the once famous oak which they haunted is itself a thing of the past.

Hutchinson, in his 'History of Cumberland,' mentions the Capon Tree, which at that time (1794) had the appearance of having withstood the storms of several hundred years. All that was left of it at the beginning of the

present century was a stump less than a foot high, its disappearance having been hastened by the ardour of enthusiasts in pursuit of relics of the cruel past. A monument,* bearing the names of those who suffered, now marks the spot.

At Penrith, seven days later, the dread sentence was also carried into effect, the victims there being Robert Lyon, Andrew Swan, James Harvey, Philip Hunt, Valentine Holt, and John Robotham. It is not improbable, surmises a local writer, that the reason Penrith was treated with this unpalatable exhibition was because of the fact that a Penrith saddler, James Braithwaite, had joined the rebels. Braithwaite's name appears in the list of rebel prisoners, but as there is no record that he went to the gallows, it is probable he was amongst those sentenced to transportation for life. Escorted by cavalry, these unfortunate men were drawn on hurdles from Carlisle, and all along the route the country people turned out to behold the grim spectacle. The place of execution was the high ground between the White Ox and

* The inception of the memorial scheme was due to the efforts of Mr. Henry Penfold, F.S.A. (Scot.).

Airgill Castle. There was an unfounded tradition amongst the old people of Penrith that a man with the nickname of Watermillock, from Cockermouth, did the horrid work on Carlisle-brow. Whether Watermillock was the King's executioner on this occasion or not matters little; it is true, however, that William Stout, of Hexham, was the individual who carried out the executions at Carlisle, and his fee was twenty guineas and the perquisite of clothes.

On reaching the place of execution, Robert Lyon, an Episcopal minister belonging to Perth, produced a paper, which he read to the crowd assembled, in which he declared that, if his life was spared, he would still maintain the same principles.

CHAPTER XX.

TRIAL OF 'FERGUS MACIVOR.'

A figure of considerable interest amongst the prisoners arraigned at the bar at this time was Major Macdonald of Tiendrish, supposed to be the original of the 'Fergus MacIvor' of Sir Walter Scott's 'Waverley.' He was amongst the first to draw the sword for Prince Charlie after his landing, and marched with him into England. After the retreat he was with his regiment at the battle of Falkirk, and was there taken prisoner through an unfortunate mistake. It would appear that towards the close of the battle, observing the right wing of the English army still keeping the field, and mistaking it for Lord John Drummond's regiment, Macdonald ran towards it, crying out, 'Gentlemen, why do you stand here? Why don't you pursue the dogs?' He was in their midst before he discovered his mistake, and a cry was raised, 'A rebel! a rebel!' It was too late to turn back, and trusting that the smoke of battle

had sufficiently blackened his white cockade, Macdonald attempted to pass himself off as one of the loyal clan Campbell, but in vain; he was immediately seized. General Hawley was for shooting him on the spot, when the generous Lord Robert Kerr prevailed upon him to give the prisoner quarter. Desiring to surrender his arms to the general, Major Macdonald approached Hawley for that purpose, when the English commander, with his usual contempt for the Highland army, swore that he would do no rebel so much honour, whereupon Kerr stepped forward to receive Macdonald's arms. As Tiendrish was removing the pistols from his belt, Hawley expressed some apprehension, in his own vulgar way, that Macdonald meant mischief, at which the chieftain drew himself up, and, with pride mingled with scorn, said he could do nothing unbecoming a gentleman! Macdonald was then bound, placed on horseback, and carried along with the retreating English army to Edinburgh, from whence he was removed to Carlisle.

To-day, visitors to Carlisle Castle have Macdonald's cell pointed out to them. Situated

in the heart of the old keep, the place of his confinement was a small apartment, its only light and ventilation being supplied by a narrow slit in the exterior wall. A remarkable feature which engages the attention are the grotesque carvings which literally cover the Gothic doorway, said to be the handiwork of the prisoners confined there, including the Percy badge of the crescent and fetterlock, the Dacre arms, the martyrdom of St. Sebastian, the insignia of various regiments, and other devices of widely different dates. The stone employed in the building of the Castle, a local red sandstone, is of a soft nature, but very fine in texture, and would lend itself to this kind of work, especially when we know that very probably the only carving-tool or implement the prisoner would have at his disposal would be an ordinary 'tenpenny nail,' or something of a similar character. The Castle guide, when showing round the unsuspecting visitor, solemnly points out five grooves on the window-sill, which exactly fit the four fingers and thumb of the hand. These, he will tell you, have been formed by the constant rubbing of the prisoners' hands, in their eagerness to reach

MAJOR MACDONALD'S CELL.

Showing carvings on the doorway.

Photo by S. W. B. Jack.

forward towards the aperture for light and air, and to listen to the carolling of the birds as they flew about in their freedom outside the dungeon wall. It is, however, generally agreed that these grooves were probably made by the prisoners when sharpening their primitive tools to execute the crude carvings seen on the doorway.

While Major Macdonald lay in prison awaiting execution he was visited by the ladies of his family, including his sister Flora, to whom he was greatly devoted. During their stay in the neighbourhood they were warmly received and cared for by Mr. Francis Warwick, of Warwick Hall, and on their departure to the Highlands they left behind them, as a token of remembrance, the major's sword.

The author of 'Waverley' was no stranger to Carlisle during his frequent pilgrimages over the Border in quest of matter for his prolific pen, and his graphic picture of Waverley's sorrowful visit to his friend MacIvor while in prison is worthy of quotation here. 'After a sleepless night,' says Scott, 'the first dawn of morning found Waverley on the esplanade in front of the old Gothic

gate of Carlisle Castle; but he paced it long in every direction before the hour when, according to the rules of the garrison, the gates were opened and the drawbridge lowered. He produced his order to the sergeant of the guard, and was admitted. The place of Fergus's confinement was a gloomy and vaulted apartment in the central part of the Castle, a huge old tower supposed to be of great antiquity, and surrounded by outworks, seemingly of Henry VIII's time or somewhat later. The grating of the old-fashioned bars and bolts, withdrawn for the purpose of admitting Edward, was answered by the clash of chains, as the unfortunate chieftain, strongly and heavily fettered, shuffled along the stone floor of his prison to fling himself into his friend's arms.'

Sir Walter describes the affectionate meeting, and the two are at once engaged in earnest conversation touching the vicissitudes of the late unhappy adventure. Fergus, though within but a short march of the gallows, has flung despair aside at the joy of meeting his friend again. 'Why,' he exclaims, 'we have entered Carlisle with happier auspices, to be sure—on the 16th of November

last, for example, when we marched in, side by side, and hoisted the white flag on these ancient towers—but I am no boy, to sit down and weep because the luck has gone against me. I knew the stake which I risked; we played the game boldly, and the forfeit shall be paid manfully. And now, since my time is short, let me come to the questions that interest me most—the Prince. Has he escaped the bloodhounds?'

'He has, and is in safety.'

'Praised be God for that! Tell me the particulars of his escape. . . .' Shortly afterwards the drums of the garrison beat to arms. 'This is the last turn-out,' said Fergus, 'that I shall hear and obey. . . .' An officer now appeared and intimated that the High Sheriff and his attendants waited before the gate of the Castle to claim the bodies of Fergus MacIvor and Evan Maccombich. 'I come,' said Fergus. Accordingly, supporting Edward by the arm, and followed by Evan Dhu and the priest, he moved down the stairs of the tower, the soldiers bringing up the rear. The court was occupied by a squadron of dragoons and a battalion of infantry, drawn up in hollow square. Within their ranks was the

sledge, or hurdle, on which the prisoners were to be drawn to the place of execution, about a mile distant from Carlisle. It was painted black, and drawn by a white horse. At one end of the vehicle sat the executioner, a horrid-looking fellow, as beseemed his trade, with the broad axe in his hand; at the other end, next the horse, was an empty seat for two persons. Through the deep and dark Gothic archway that opened on the drawbridge were seen on horseback the High Sheriff and his attendants, whom the etiquette betwixt the civil and military powers did not permit to come further. 'This is well got up for a closing scene,' said Fergus, smiling disdainfully, as he gazed around upon the apparatus of terror. Evan Dhu exclaimed with some eagerness, after looking at the dragoons, 'These are the very chields that galloped off at Gladsmuir before we could kill a dozen o' them. They look bold enough now, however.' The priest entreated him to be silent.

'The sledge now approached, and Fergus, turning round, embraced Waverley, kissed him on each side of the face, and stepped nimbly into his place. Evan sat down by his side. The priest was to follow in a carriage

belonging to his patron, the Catholic gentleman at whose house Flora resided. As Fergus waved his hand to Edward, the ranks closed around the sledge, and the whole procession began to move forward. There was a momentary stop at the gateway while the governor of the Castle and the High Sheriff went through a short ceremony, the military officer there delivering over the persons of the criminals to the civil power. "God save King George!" said the High Sheriff. When the formality concluded, Fergus stood erect in the sledge, and, with a firm and steady voice, replied, "God save King *James*!" These were the last words which Waverley heard him speak.

'The procession resumed its march, and the sledge vanished from beneath the portal under which it had stopped for an instant. The dead march was then heard, and its melancholy sounds were mingled with those of a muffled peal, tolled from the neighbouring Cathedral. The sound of the military music died away as the procession moved on, the sullen clang of the bells was soon heard to sound alone.'

Scott studiously avoids sullying the pages of his entrancing narrative by entering into the harrowing details of the gallant chieftain's fate. Major Macdonald was executed at Gallows Hill, and his head, with that of his comrade Kinloch Moidart was placed on the Scotch gate, where they remained for many years. Some of these ghastly relics were still bleaching over the city gates when Hume the historian paid a visit to Carlisle early in last century, and it is said that a Highland regiment passing through Carlisle about this time was halted on the piece of ground, still known as the Sands, outside the gate, in order to avoid marching under these revolting mementoes.

'Carlisle yetts,' though they long ago disappeared with the march of time, survive in Allan Cunningham's pathetic Jacobite ballad :—

'White was the rose in his gay bonnet,
As he faulded me in his broached plaidie;
His hand, which clasped the truth o' luve,
Oh, it was aye in battle readie!
His lang, lang hair in yellow hanks
Waved o'er his cheeks sae sweet and ruddie,
But now they wave o'er Carlisle yetts,
In dripping ringlets, clotting bloodie.

My father's blood's in that flower tap,
  My brother's in that hare-bell's blossom,
This white rose was steeped in my luve's blude,
  And I'll aye wear it in my bosom.

When first I came to merrie Carlisle
  Was ne'er a town sae sweetly seeming?
The white rose flaunted o'er the wall,
  And the thistled banners far were streaming.
When I came next to merrie Carlisle,
  Oh, sad, sad seemed the town and eerie;
The auld, auld men came out and wept,
  "O maiden, come ye to seek your dearie?"

There's ae drap o' blude atween my breasts,
  And twa in my locks o' hair sae yellow;
The tane I'll ne'er wash, and the tither ne'er kame,
  But I'll sit and pray aneath the willow.
Wae, wae, upon that cruel heart,
  Wae wae, upon that hand sae bloodie,
Which feasts on our richest Scottish blude,
  And makes sae monie a dolefu' widow!'

CHAPTER XXI.

CARLISLE AFTER THE 'FORTY-FIVE.'

With the close of 1746 ended the dramatic period in the history of the Borderland, and Carlisle in particular; a history pregnant with stirring and exciting scenes of Border raids and wars, of long and bitter sieges, a period culminating, as we have seen, in the dark and turbulent days of that memorable event in history which has since been known as the 'Rebellion of Forty-five.'

It is difficult to visualise the ancient walled city of yesterday and compare it with the peaceful, flourishing city of to-day. Then, we are told by Hutchinson, in his 'History of Cumberland,' only the main streets were paved, and even those were covered with grass in many places, with elevated causeways and deeply-depressed gutters—receptacles for filth—crossed at intervals by short bridges, without which the streets would, in wet weather, have been impassable. The dwelling-houses were built of wood and clay, generally one storey

in height, and covered with thatch; the gable ends mostly fronted the streets and showed long rows of porches at the entrance doors. The River Eden dividing into two branches was crossed by a narrow bridge over each, that part of the river flowing over the present course being then a small stream known as the Priest's Beck, while the main branch flowed nearer the city walls, the island between now forming what is called the Sands.

But Carlisle was on the eve of happier days. Up till then the highways from Scotland converging on this gateway into England, hitherto frequented for the most part by marauding moss-troopers and cattle rievers, were nothing more than overgrown drove roads, which admitted of no heavy wheeled vehicles, so that merchandise passing to and from the city was, of necessity, borne by pack-horses. The establishment of efficient road communication between Carlisle and Newcastle resulted in the development of an industrial life, which, strangely enough, was brought about by the bitter experience gained in Marshal Wade's inability to reach Carlisle during the eventful days of November, 1745, of which so much has already been written.

Profiting by the Marshal's military failure, the Government, five years afterwards, commissioned Wade to make what has since been known as the 'Military Road.' To secure a good foundation he arranged that the road should, as far as possible, follow the site of the old Roman Wall. Wade, one can well imagine, was not in any way moved by archæological considerations, and did not scruple to throw down the wall to its lowest course to provide himself with material, consequently the memory of Marshal Wade is held in no higher esteem by antiquaries than by military critics. The opening of the road to the east coast made Carlisle the centre of a trade which had hitherto passed it by, and its prosperity was now assured. Hutchinson, who lived through this period, gives a telling description of the change which came about when the war clouds had rolled away. 'Before this time,' he says, 'day labour for men not brought up to any mechanic trade, and lint or tow-spinning for women, was all the employment which could be obtained. Eightpence or tenpence a day was as much as a labourer could earn, and a woman must have worked very hard at her wheel to make a shilling a week.

The employment for children was winding pirns, *i.e.*, bobbins, for weavers, or twisting whips, for which they only had about eightpence per week, and generally worked sixteen hours out of twenty-four. The establishment of the calico manufactory greatly altered the case; the work in the green or bleaching yard found employment for stout boys. Apprentices were taken to the several branches of the work at a genteel allowance, and their wages increased as they advanced in their servitude. Little boys were employed as tearing boys to the printers, women had tables set out for them to pencil the colours into the pieces. Such encouragement brought numbers of families out of the country into the city and suburbs, and so great was the change, that a common labourer, who probably, with his wife's assistance, did not make above eight shillings weekly, could, by having his family fixed in the manner represented, easily earn twenty or thirty shillings a week. The several manufactories began to thrive much beyond the most sanguine expectations; people in trade, with little to begin with, acquired fortunes which enabled them to live in a much more splendid style than formerly. The town

rapidly improved, and the land around increased in value far beyond what could have been forseen.'

Thus it came about that, out of the chaos of war and rebellion by which the city was continually torn, there arose on the dark horizon a star of hope for the groaning city, a star which has not waned, but whose lustre has increased with each succeeding generation.

In the most flourishing days of its military greatness the population of Carlisle probably never reached more than at the time when Prince Charlie arrived before its walls. Since that day it has increased more than twelvefold, while the city's boundaries now reach far beyond the site of the old red sandstone belt which in those days encircled the city and had borne the brunt of many a strenuous siege.

To return to the period of the 'Forty-five,' Carlisle, the capital of the Borderland, still maintained the outward semblance and character of a mediæval stronghold, and it would require no great stretch of imagination to again picture the days when ward and watch were kept by night and day, and guns bristled on the Castle keep and along the ramparts of the old city wall.

INNER GATE, CARLISLE CASTLE.

From drawing by W. H. Nutter.

Gazing further back into the centuries we catch a glimpse of the citizens coming out to pay loyal homage to their dying king on that summer day, in 1307, as he passes through the Irish gate to lead his mighty army of invasion, only to reach the little hamlet of Burgh-by-Sands, six miles from the city, where the First Edward, 'the hammer of the Scots,' himself fell before a mightier potentate.

Another two centuries and a half flit past, and Carlisle admits within its gates yet another personage of royal blood, this time one of the ill-fated line of Stuarts. Fleeing from the disastrous Battle of Langside, Mary Queen of Scots seeks refuge, and finds a perilous sanctuary, under the watchful eye of Lord Scroope, in one of the private apartments of the Castle, which, in after years, became known as Queen Mary's Tower. There she remains virtually the prisoner of her implacable cousin, Elizabeth of England, till that day, in July, 1568, when she quits the city to enter upon a closer captivity, which, alas, was to end on the cruel block at Fotheringay.

Again, before this century closes, another romantic incident takes place. The mantle of night has fallen upon the sleeping

city, and as we peer through the uncertain visibility nought save the faint outline of the battlemented keep of the Castle can be discerned. The dour burghers of Carlisle have betaken themselves to bed, leaving the care of the fortress-city to the solitary sentinels who guard the city walls. Suddenly a shrill trumpet-blast pierces the night air, and ere its echo has died away the signal is taken up by ten-score lusty voices in wildest medley, blaring out the haughty old Border slogan, 'O, wha daur meddle wi' me?' It is the 'bauld Buccleuch' and his doughty band of moss-troopers come to rescue their comrade Kinmont Willie from his treacherous captivity. With their gavelocks they have breached the postern, overpowered the captive's guard, and borne 'the Kinmont' away in triumph.

Across the swampy land, lying between the Castle walls and the junction of the Eden and Caldew rivers, is heard the neighing of restless steeds, which proclaims the rendezvous of the perpetrators of the daring exploit, and ere long the intrepid Borderers are back again amongst their fellows. In a trice they are mounted, and, as dawn breaks, we see the merry men

of the 'bauld Buccleuch,' with the rescued Kinmont Willie in their midst, taking the stiff bank on the opposite side of the Eden at a canter. They disappear towards the Scottish Border, and the vision of that 1596 episode vanishes, leaving us gazing in bewilderment on the grim old Castle walls; and as we linger under their shadow, there comes to us, borne on the struggling wind of that bleak December day, a century and a half later, the pibroch's melancholy wail dying away in the distance. Momentarily, through the mist of years, we catch a glimpse of the long trail of straggling clansmen as they wend their weary way over the brow at Stanwix towards the hills of their more friendly north; and from the Scotch gate of the city there emerges a pathetic figure already familiar to the eye. It is Bonnie Prince Charlie as he bids a last farewell to Carlisle and the Borderland, and now, disappointed and dejected, he turns his face towards Scotland and—Culloden.

. . . . . .

For nearly half a century after the Forty-five the old-time aspect of the war-worn Border fortress did not undergo any notable change; its walls still mounted cannon, and sentries

paced to and fro at the gates, which were still closed and guarded every night. In the year 1807, however, the order came down to dismantle the city; all the old paraphernalia, the guns on the citadel and turrets, which, in their day, had done such useful service, and the gates, still wearing the scars of Scottish pike and battle-axe, were ruthlessly torn down and ordered to be sold or stored in the Castle—the days of Carlisle's romantic glory had come to an end.

APPENDIX

REBEL PRISONERS TAKEN AT THE CAPITULATION OF CARLISLE.

The following is a list of the officers and soldiers, together with the artillery, taken at the capitulation of Carlisle:—

English—1 Colonel: Francis Townley, of Lancashire. 5 Captains: John Saunderson, of Northumberland; Peter Moss, James Dawson, and George Fletcher, all of Lancashire; and Andrew Blood, of Yorkshire. 6 Lieutenants: Thomas Deacon, John Berwick, Robert Deacon, and John Holker, all of Lancashire; Thomas Chadwick, of Staffordshire; and Thomas Furnival, of Cheshire. 7 Ensigns: Charles Deacon and Charles Gaylor, both of Lancashire; John Hurter, of Northumberland; James Wilding, John Betts, and William Bradshaw, all of Lancashire; and Samuel Maddox, of Cheshire. 1 Adjutant: Thomas Syddell, of Lancashire. All of the Manchester Regiment. 93 non-commissioned officers, drummers, and private men. Thomas Coppock, Lancashire, made by the Pretender Bishop of Carlisle.

Scots—The Governor, John Hamilton, Aberdeenshire. 6 Captains: Robert Forbes, Aberdeenshire, of Ld. Lewis Gordon's Regiment; John Burnet, Aberdeenshire, of Col. Grant's; George Abernethy, Banffshire, of Ld. Ogilvy's; Alexander Abernethy, Banffshire, of the Duke of Perth's; Donald Macdonald, Inverness-shire, of Keppoch's; and John Comerie, Braes of Athol, of the Duke of Athol's. 7 Lieutenants: Charles Gordon, Aberdeenshire, of Ld.

Ogilvy's Regiment; James Gordon, Aberdeenshire, of Col. Grant's; Walter Ogilvy, Banffshire, of Ld. Lewis Gordon's; William Stewart, Banffshire, of Col. Roy Stewart's; two Alexander Macgrouthers, Perthshire, and James Nicholson, all of the Duke of Perth's. 3 Ensigns: Walter Mitchel and George Ramsay, both of Aberdeenshire, and of the Duke of Perth's Regiment; and James Menzies, St. German's, France, of Col. Roy Stewart's. 1 Surgeon, James Stratton, Berwickshire. 256 non-commissioned officers, drummers, and private men.

French—Sir Francis Geoghegan, a captain of Lally's Regiment; Col. Strickland, of no regiment; and Sir John Arbuthnot, a captain of Ld. John Drummond's; all of Toulouse. 1 Sergeant: Pierre La Loche, of Dieppe, of Lally's Regiment. 4 private men, all of Lally's Regiment: Fra. Carpenter, of Dieppe; Pierre Bourgogne, of Tourrat; Jean Poussin and Pierre Vickman, both of Dieppe.

Artillery—6 one-and-a-half-pounder brass guns, 1 brass octagon, 3 brass four-pounder guns, all with carriages; 4 brass cohorns, and 2 royals.

TRIAL OF THE PRISONERS.

On the 12th of August, 1746, the Chief Baron Parker, Sir Thomas Burnet, Sir Thomas Dennison, and Baron Clark opened their commission for trial of the prisoners at Carlisle.

The Grand Jury consisted of:—

Sir Geo. Dalston, Bart., of Dalston Hall.
Sir Richard Musgrave, Bart., of Hayton Castle.
Henry Fletcher, Esq., of Hutton.
John Dalston, Esq., of Mellrig.
Edward Hasell, Esq., of Dalemain.

Wilfrid Lawson, Esq., of Brayton.
Henry Aglionby, Esq., the elder, of Crossfield.
John Brisco, Esq., of Crofton.
Richard Crackenthorpe, Esq., of Ousby.
Montague Farrer, Esq., of Carlisle.
Edward Stanley, Esq., of Ponsonby.
Robert Lamplugh, Esq., of Dovenby.
Fletcher Partis, Esq., of Tallentire.
Humphrey Senhouse, Esq., of Netherhall.
Richard Brisco, Esq., of Lamplugh.
Joseph Dacre, Esq., of Kirklinton.
Richard Cook, Esq., of Camerton.
Gustavus Thompson, Esq., of Arkleby.
John Benn, Esq., of Hensingham.
George Irton, Esq., of Irton.
Peter Howe, Esq., of Whitehaven.
Richard Huddleston, Esq., of Whitehaven.
Thomas Smith, gentleman, of Penrith.

The Grand Jury found bills of indictment against the following :—

James Ancrum, of Boness
Alexr. Anderson
Alexr. Brodie
Richard Brown
Jas. Braithwaite, of Penrith, Saddler
James Brand, Quartermaster
Edmund Bane
Lewis Barton
Thomas Barton
Francis Buchanan, of Arnprior } three brothers
Thomas Buchanan } three brothers
Patrick Buchanan } three brothers
Jon. Campbell
Thos. Coppock (the Bishop)
John Coppock
William Cook
James Chadwick
Thos. Collingwood
Hugh Cameron
Jas. Campbell, alias McGregor
Harry Clark, Esq., of Edinburgh
William Duncan
Charles Douglas, titular Lord Mordington
Michael Delard

Jo. Davidson
Alexr. Davidson
Jas. Drummond
Molineux Eaton
Capt. Robert Forbes, brother of Forbes of New
Roger Fulthorpe
Stephen Fitzgerald
Robert Finsley
Capt. James Forbes
James Ferguson, of Athole
William Gray, Surgeon
Charles Gordon, of Dalpersey
Hugh Graham
John Henderson, Captain
Geo. Harteley
Thos. Hatch
John Haitley
Wm. Hargraves
Thos. Hayes
Thomas Harvey
Philip Hunt
Valentine Holt
Jas. Harvey
David Home
William Home
Alexr. Hutcheson
Capt. James Hay
Thos. Hutchinson
Colonel James Innes
Andrew Johnston
Patrick Keir
Thomas Lawson
William Leckie
Samuel Lee
Simon Lugton
Mark Lindsay, writer
David Layes
Robert Lyon, Episcopal Minister at Perth
Peter Lindsay
John Macneil
Neil Maclaren
Donald Mackenzie
Barnabas Mathew
Jas. Mellon
Jos. Mackenzie
Major Donald Macdonald, of Tiendrish
Donald Macdonald, of the City Guard
Ronald Macdonald
Richd. Morrison, the Prince's valet
Robert Maxwell, writer
Donald Maibormeg
Archibald Macfarlane
Donald Macdonald, of Kinloch Moidart
Robert Murray, writer
Jas. Murray, Surgeon
Patrick Murray, goldsmith, Stirling
John Martin
John Macnaughton
Patrick Macgregor
Duncan Macgregor
Jas. Mitchell
Duncan Murray, alias Macgregor

Lawrence Mercer, of Lithendy
Thos. Park
Andrew Porteous
John Poustie
Sir Archibald Primrose, Bart.
Robert Reed
Robert Roscoe
Thos. Reilly
Edward Roper
John Radcliff
Thos. Ritchie
Hugh Roy
John Rowbotham
Robert Randal
Pat. Rutter
John Robertson
Wm. Stewart, Lieut. in Roy Stewart's
Wm. Sharpe
John Streetly
Alexr. Steel
John Small
John Sanderson, Captain in Manchester Regt.
Andrew Swan
Jas. Smith, writer
Alexr. Stephenson
Geo. Steel, merchant, Aberdeen
Charles Spalding, of Whitfield
Patrick Stewart
James Seton
Robert Tuesby
Thos. Turner, of Bury
Peter Taylor
Thos. Turner, of Walton
Robert Taylor, Captain
John Wallace
Wm. Wynstanley
Thos. Williamson
Geo. Waring
Matthew Waring
Thos. Warrington
Robert Wright, writer

These prisoners were then brought to the bar and the judges desired them to name their counsel and solicitors, and ordered subpœnas for their witnesses to be made out and delivered gratis. The English prisoners chose for counsel Messrs. Parrot and Clayton; the Scotch, Messrs. James Graham and Alexander Lockhart; and for their solicitors, Messrs. James Ferguson and Alexander Stewart. The court then adjourned till the 9th of September.

When the court resumed on the day appointed, and the prisoners were arraigned, the greater number of them pleaded guilty, of whom several afterwards retracted their plea and stood trial.

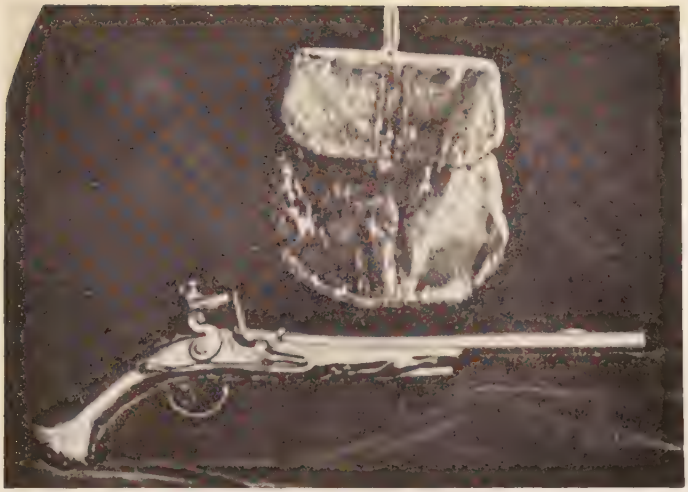
On the 12th of September and following days the trial proceeded. No report has been preserved of any except that of Coppock, the mock Bishop, particulars of which have already been given in these pages. Very few prisoners were acquitted.

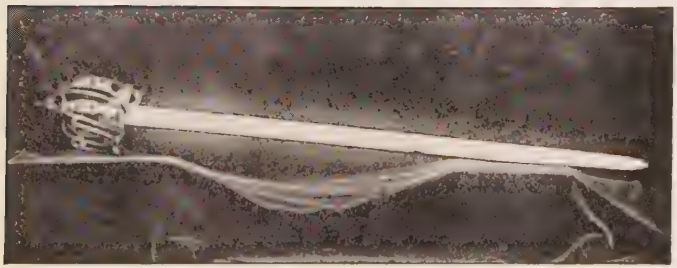
On Monday, the 22nd September, were brought up to the bar for sentence :—

Thomas Coppock (the Bishop)	Alexander Anderson
John Macnaughton	Robert Maxwell
James Brand	Philip Hunt
Major Macdonald	James Campbell
John Henderson	Edward Roper
Col. James Innes	Stephen Fitzgerald
James Ancrum	Michael Delard
Hugh Cameron	James Forbes
David Home	Richard Morrison
Robert Randal	Alex. Hutchinson
Ronald Macdonald	Andrew Johnston
	William Home

Chief Baron Parker, after the usual formalities, pronounced the following sentence :—

'You and every of you, prisoners at the bar, return to the prison from whence you came, and from thence you must be drawn to the place of execution; when you come





(1) FLINT PISTOL AND SPORRAN.
Left by Prince Charlie at Stonehouse.

(2) THE CARLISLE MEDAL.
Commemorating re-capture of Carlisle.

(3) THE SWORD OF MAJOR MACDONALD. (Fergus Mc.Ivor.)

there you must be hanged by the neck—but not till you be dead, for you must be cut down alive—then your bowels must be taken out and burnt before your faces; then your heads must be severed from your bodies, and your bodies divided each into four quarters, and these must be at the King's disposal. And God have mercy on your souls!'

On the 23rd the like sentence was pronounced upon :—

Thomas Lawson	John Coppock
William Leckey	William Cook
John Wallace	Molineux Eaton
John Campbell	Roger Fulthorpe
William Duncan	William Hargrave
Robert Forbes	Thomas Hayes
William Wynstanley	Thomas Harvey
George Hartley	John Hartley
Robert Reed	Thomas Keighley
Richard Brown	Samuel Lee

And on the 24th upon :—

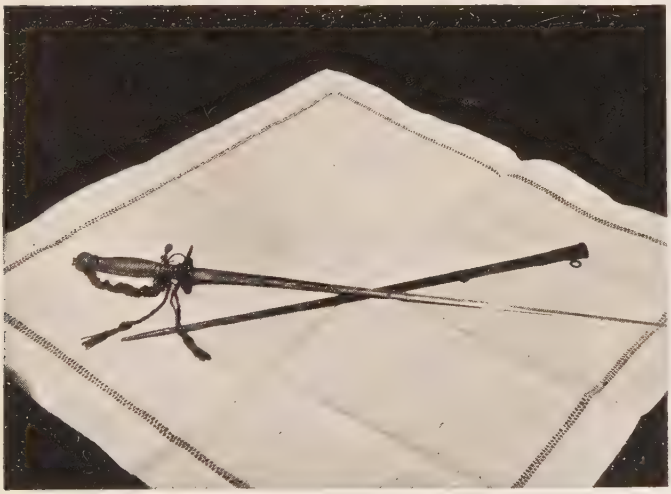
John Macneil	Simon Lugton
John Ratcliff	John Poustie
Donald Mackenzie	Andrew Swan
Barnabas Matthew	James Smith
Hugh Roy	James Harvey
Thomas Park	William Gray
Robert Finsley	Robert Murray
Thomas Turner, of Walton	Francis Buchanan
Peter Taylor	Sir Archibald Primrose
John Robotham	Robert Wright
John Sanderson	Alex. Stephenson
Thomas Turner, of Bury	James Mitchell
George Waring	Patrick Stewart

Matthew Waring
Valentine Holt
Lewis Barton
John Small
James Mellon
James Chadwick
John Davidson
John Mackenzie
Robert Taylor
Andrew Porteous
Peter Lindsay
Lawrence Mercer
William Sharp
Charles Gordon
Patrick Keir
Alex. Davidson
Henry Clark

In all, ninety-six were sentenced to die, of whom thirty-one were executed, two died in prison, and the remainder, with the exception of a few pardoned, were transported.

JACOBITE RELICS

Photo by Tassell.



(1) JACOBITE SNUFF-BOX.
(2) COURT RAPIER.

Photo by Ronald Beattie.

JACOBITE RELICS.

CARLISLE MUSEUM RELICS.

Perhaps the most interesting Jacobite relic in the Museum at Carlisle is an armchair in which Prince Charlie is said to have rested during a brief stay at Ellerton Grange, before entering Carlisle, on his retreat from Derby. A Stuart tartan plaid worn by the Prince was, on this occasion, given by him to Mrs. Graham, his hostess, and remained in the family until recent years, when it was bequeathed by Miss G. G. Graham, of London, to the Carlisle Museum, where it is now preserved in a glass case.

In the same Museum may be seen two large claymores, a Highland target studded with nails, and a leather sporran.

There are also several Jacobite medals. On the obverse of a medal, struck in celebration of the capture of Carlisle from the rebels, is a bust of the Duke of Cumberland in profile, with the inscription 'William, Duke of

Cumberland, British hero, born 15th April, 1721.' On the reverse appears the hero, clad in armour, contending with a monster of the dragon species, with a head composed of snakes, typifying 'Rebellion.' Round the edge is the motto, 'For my Father and Country,' and at the base, 'Carlisle reduced and Rebels flew, December, 1745.'

RELICS AT CARLISLE CASTLE.

At the entrance to the keep of Carlisle Castle is to be seen a cannon ball flattened on one side by impact against the Castle wall, when it was fired from one of the guns of the Duke of Cumberland.

Jefferson's 'History' states that, when the old Castle well was being cleared out, about the year 1840, a medal was found, having on one side the head and name of 'His Royal Highness, William, Duke of Cumberland,' and on the other side is represented a party of retreating rebels, round which is inscribed, 'The Pretender's Last Shift, or Rebels' Race for Life, 1745.'

PRINCE CHARLIE'S PISTOL AND SPORRAN.

Amongst the few personal articles left by Prince Charlie, when in the neighbourhood,

PORRINGER.

Used by Prince Charlie at Blackhall.

Top illustration shows inscription written on bottom of Porringer.

are a flint and steel pistol and a sporran or ammunition pouch. The pistol is a fine example of French workmanship, bearing the maker's name, 'A. Croissant.' The barrel is thirteen inches in length, with half-inch calibre, while the stock is of oak, tastefully carved, and mounted with brass. The pouch is of sealskin, and though the fur is somewhat moth-eaten, it still appears to be in a fairly serviceable condition.

These relics, which have since remained as heirlooms in the family, were left at Stonehouse, in the hamlet of Moorhouse, about four miles from Carlisle, the residence of a noted family of Quakers called Stordy, when the Prince slept there on the night of the 9th of November. They are now in the possession of Mr. George Stordy, Brandon, Manitoba, Canada.

BROADSIDE ISSUED BY PRINCE CHARLES.

This interesting document, issued by Prince Charles at the capitulation of Carlisle, and now preserved in the Public Library, furnishes striking evidence of the Prince's desire to leave a good impression as he passed through the country. It would be interesting to know if

the Young Chevalier carried with him a hand printing press, as in the case of Charles I, who found work enough for his travelling printer during the Civil War.

So far as is known there was no printing press in Carlisle in 1745.

The document is reproduced here, for the first time, by kind permission of the Carlisle Public Library and Museum Committee, the owners of the copyright.

JACOBITE SNUFF-BOX.

A snuff-box said to have belonged to Prince Charlie is now in the possession of Miss Johnston, Stanwix. It was purchased, in 1888, at the sale of the effects of the late Mr. John Clarke Ferguson, a local collector of antiques, and passed into the hands of the present owner, whose family, for many years, were the proprietors of the Prince Charlie Restaurant in Devonshire Street, Carlisle. The relic is made of stag's horn mounted with silver and beautifully ornamented with crown and thistles. In recent years the present owner had the name 'Prince Charles Edward Stuart' engraved under the crown, as seen in the illustration.

PRINCE CHARLIE'S SHIELD.

A COURT RAPIER.

A Court rapier, said to have once been in the possession of Prince Charlie, forms part of a valuable collection of ancient weapons and armour preserved at Crosby Lodge, Crosby-on-Eden. The rapier measures about two feet eight inches long and has a beautifully-modelled guard overlaid with floral decorations. The blade is three sided, and there is engraved on one side a crown, above which is a thistle, while under the crown is the monogram C.R. On another side there is a skilfully-engraved representation of a halberd and banner crossed over a spear and cannon with drums underneath. The blade is contained within a silver-mounted scabbard. The rapier was bought at Dowell's Rooms, Edinburgh, by the late Mr. William Sinclair, of Stirling and Edinburgh, grandfather of the present owner, Mrs. Hays, of Crosby Lodge, through whose courtesy the author was afforded the opportunity of inspecting the interesting relic.

GLENBUCKET'S PISTOL.

In Mounsey's 'Carlisle in 1745' appears an illustration of a pistol 'left by Gordon of Glenbucket at the house of a relative of

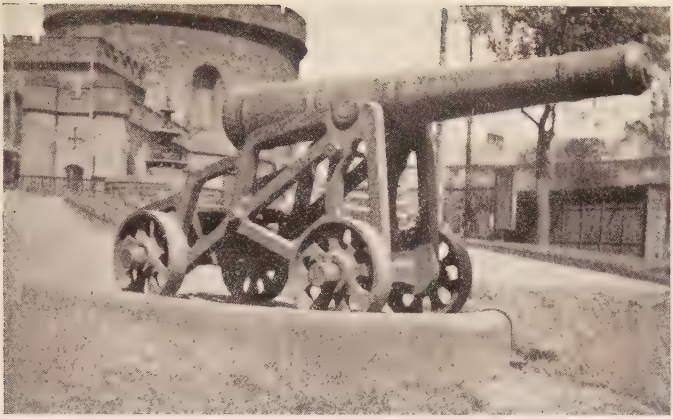
the late Mr. Norman, of Kirkbampton, at Grinsdale, in November, 1745, when the Highlanders crossed the Eden to approach Carlisle.' It is about eighteen inches long, mounted with gold and silver, and the stock is of iron. It was formerly in the possession of Mrs. Holliday, Wigton.

SWORD AND BONNET LEFT AT BRAMPTON.

As might be expected, the Highlanders who visited Brampton left behind them one or two mementoes of their stay in the town.

At Half Moon Inn, then kept by a great-great-great-grandfather of the late owner, Mr. J. J. Thompson, one of them, on the departure of the army, left behind a dress sword, that is, a sword usually worn on state occasions by officers or persons of distinction. 'It is not improbable,' says Mr. Henry Penfold, 'that this little hostelry was the headquarters of Marquis d' Aguiles, the French Ambassador to the pseudo court by whom the Prince was surrounded.'

An equally important relic is a French soldier's bonnet, which presumably formed part of the accoutrements of a French officer of distinction, and there is every reason



SIEGE GUN.

Used in the defence of Carlisle in 1745.

Photo by Ronald Beattie.

to believe that it belonged to the Ambassador already mentioned. These interesting mementoes are now the property of Mr. Pulsford Burn, Brampton.

HIGHLAND WEAPONS AT NAWORTH CASTLE.

At Naworth Castle, the seat of the Earl of Carlisle, where some parties of Highlanders are said to have called on a foraging expedition when the Prince was at Brampton, they left behind some of their property, viz., a halberd, a pike, and javelin. On one of the weapons is the date 1745. These relics are still preserved at Naworth Castle.

'FERGUS MACIVOR'S' SWORD.

The sword of Major Macdonald of Tiendrish, Scott's 'Fergus MacIvor' in 'Waverley,' is now in possession of Mr. Howard at Corby Castle. It was left at Warwick Hall, the residence of Mr. Francis Warwick, by the ladies of Macdonald's family, who stayed there during the major's trial. It bears the name of the renowned Toledo maker, 'Andrea Ferrara,' and is a fine example of his work. It is said that the impression of the hand of the original owner may still be seen in the well-worn leather lining of the basket hilt.

PRINCE CHARLIE'S PORRINGER.

A porringer used by Prince Charlie at Blackhall is still preserved, and has this inscription, written on paper, fixed to the bottom :—'This cup, known by the name of Prince Charley's porridge cup, is the same that was used by the Young Pretender at Mr. Lowry's, Blakewell, Nov. 1745. The siege of Carlisle.' The relic was purchased in Carlisle thirty years ago by the present owner, Mr. John Sunderland, Ashgarth, Skipton-in-Craven, through whose courtesy a photograph is reproduced here.

SEAL FOUND AT BLACKHALL.

In a pamphlet published in Carlisle in 1844, there appears the following note :—

'In 1841 a curious seal was dug up here' [Blackhall] 'in a garden adjoining the residence of Mr. Duncan M'Alpin, which appears to have belonged to one of the followers of the Young Pretender, or the Chevalier Prince Charles, during the rebellion of 1745. The seal bears a half-length portrait of that extraordinary person, whose "moving incidents by flood and field" furnish material for half-a-score romances. He wears a bonnet and a plaid, with a broad belt over his left shoulder

ornamented with a rosette. A star glitters on his breast. His hair is rather long, and is secured behind by a ribbon. This description coincides with an account of his personal appearance and dress during his invasion of England: "He was dressed in a light plaid, belted about with a blue sash; he wore a grey wig and a blue bonnet with a rose in it." It is probable that the seal may have belonged to one of his adherents, who might lose it here while in attendance on the Young Chevalier.'

PRINCE CHARLIE'S SHIELD.

There were many relics preserved by Jacobite adherents after the Battle of Culloden, but what happened to them in the ensuing forty or fifty years before they were finally collected and received a safe resting place at Cluny Castle, Inverness-shire, can only be a matter of conjecture, because, as is well known, the original edifice on the banks of the Spey was burnt down by Cumberland's soldiery immediately after Culloden, and its burning was watched from the opposite hill-side, at Breakachy, by Cluny himself and by Lady Cluny, as it was then the custom to style

the wives of Highland chieftains. The same night, or very shortly afterwards, Lady Cluny became a mother, and her son, nicknamed 'Duncan of the Kiln,' was born in a hovel on the estate. This baby born within a few months of the Battle of Culloden was the great-grandfather of the present chieftain, Cluny Macpherson of Cluny.

The most interesting relic is, of course, Prince Charlie's 'Medusa Head' targe, which was carried by the Young Chevalier during his march into England and his retreat to the Highlands. This shield, which is nineteen inches in diameter, is covered in leather and lined at the back with leopard skin, with a handle by which it is held to the left shoulder, and has on the front various applied decorations in silver in the finest style of the French 18th century work; in the centre a Medusa head in high relief (in which a spike, now missing could be inserted), surrounded by sunflowers and scroll trophies of torches; round the edge it has ornamental cartouches divided by trophies of bow, quiver and fasces, drum and trumpets; two banners, bearing in the corner a St. Andrew's Cross crossed over a straight sword, and pistol and broadsword

crossed under a Scotch bonnet. On the cartouches is engraved :—

(*a*) The sun in glory, *premitur non oppremitur.*
(*b*) A hand grasping a thunderbolt, *deo iuvante.*
(*c*) A hand grasping a sword, *pro rege et patria.*
(*d*) The rising sun over a landscape, *rursus orietur ad gloriam.*

The edge has festoons of studs and border of alternate scallop shells and cinquefoil leaves.

This unique relic was made and presented to the Prince by his admirers in Paris just previous to his departure for Scotland, in 1745. It was exhibited in Glasgow in 1888, and at London, 1889, and it has also been described and figured in Scottish national memorials.

In the summer of the present year (1928) Prince Charlie's shield was sold at Sotheby's, London, for the sum of £4,000, the purchaser being Mr. A. Fraser, of Inverness, who stated that it would be preserved for the Highlands.

GUNS THAT FIRED ON PRINCE CHARLIE.

Described as 'the last guns fired in anger in England,' two of the six-pounders used in the defence of Carlisle against Prince Charlie, in 1745, now look in stolid silence from their picturesque positions in Court Square Gardens, Carlisle, upon a scene far removed from that of those romantic bygone days. It was mainly due to the efforts of the late Chancellor Ferguson that these antiquated implements of war were ferreted out and rescued from an obscure recess in the Corporation yard. The Chancellor had them mounted on gun-carriages of later date, obtained from the Castle, and placed on their present site, just outside the walls of where once stood the old Citadel. For many years there was a tablet attached to each gun, bearing the inscription: 'This gun was used in the defence of Carlisle, in 1745, against the Highlanders under Prince Charles Edward Stuart; it afterwards did duty as morning and evening gun so long as Carlisle continued a fortified town.'

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.

From an original picture, the property of P. J. Canning Howard, Esq., Corby Castle, Cumberland.

Regarding the guns which were actually in use during the siege, evidence was given at the court-martial on Colonel Durand that, in addition to 'twenty pieces of iron cannon of six-pounders,' there were ten pieces of ship cannon, from four to two pounders, sent from Whitehaven, which latter were mounted on the walls of the town and manned by the citizen volunteers. As to their later history, we learn that, in 1807, when the Government ordered the dismantling of the city, the guns, with their necessary equipment, were taken down and the city gates removed. The Mayor of that day feebly laid claim to the old gates of the city, but he was promptly told that the wood and iron of the three gates, like the guns on the Citadel and turrets, belonged to the Government, so that, after the guns had well and faithfully served their day and generation, they were removed from their lofty position in the Castle turret and placed with their muzzles a couple of feet or so into the ground, at each side of the Irish gate, to protect the walls from carts and carriages. It would appear that the two rusty and battered guns were eventually handed over to the Corporation, in 1811, and continued to fulfil

the same inglorious function for at least another half-century.

In this connection there is an interesting link with those far-off days. Mr. James Walter Brown, the writer of the Foreword to this book, who is an authority on local history and literature, in a recent publication, writes :— 'I remember the two guns in about 1860, and for years afterwards being used to protect the approach to Caldew Bridge at Irish Gate Brow. The mouths of the guns were sunk into the ground, so that the guns, thus fixed, had the appearance of cast-iron pillars. My impression is that it would be about 1873 that some improved levels were made at the place ; at any rate, I remember the guns being removed to the Corporation yard, although I cannot fix the date of their removal.'

A FRAGMENT.

Extracts from the Cumberland Quarter Sessions minutes :—

15 Jany., 1746.

That ye Treasurer pay Mr. Thomas Stephenson £305 19s. 10d. for the Ballance due to him from the County as Treasurer of the Militia and for his trouble and expenses and £5 more.

That ye Treasurer pay the Inhabitants of Penrith £20 0s. 2d. for money by them laid out in carrying Rebel prisoners to Newcastle.

To Robert Grave 10s. for conveying a Rebel prisoner to the prison at Whitehaven.

12 July, 1746.

The High Constable to issue Warrants to all petty Constables to forthwith search for all arms belonging to the Rebels and the King and immediately seize them and bring them to the Store keeper at Carlisle.

9th Oct., 1746.

Ordered, That if John Williamson, Saul Relph, John Ashbridge, Christopher Hudson, four Trainbandmen at Caldbeck, do not forthwith return to the Constable of Caldbeck each 16s. 4d. which they owe as Trainbandmen twice over, and 10s. 6d. for a week duty not performed, 'at ye be p. suited by the Clerk of the Peace, and that he do give one and all notice of the Order. . . .

. . . That the Treasurer do pay to Stephen Todd, Constable for Edenhall, £1 7s. 0d., for nine horses found for conveying the Rebel Prisoners from Penrith to Brough.

To John Irving, Constable for Wetheral Qr., 10s., for 5 horses for conveying Rebel Prisoners from Carlisle to Penrith.

To John Atkinson, Cumwhinton, 11s., for 3 carts and six horses conveying Rebel Prisoners from Carlisle to Penrith.

To John Colling, Fenton, one horse, 2s. Do.

To Isaac Hall, £1 2s., for 11 Horses. Do.

To Thomas Celowe, Constable for Corby Qr., 15s., for 5 horses and carts.

To Henry Winter, Constable, Catterlen, £1 4s., for 8 horses conveying Rebel Prisoners from Penrith to Brough.

That the Treasurer do pay Mr. Kendal, late High Constable, 2 guineas for his extraordinary trouble in despensing warrants in the late Rebellion.

To Mr. Richard Richardson, High Constable, 2 guineas for the same.

To John Mattinson, Constable for Hutton and Thomas Close, £1 2s., for 16 horses to convey Rebel Prisoners from Penrith to Brough-under-Stainmore.

To Thomas Errington, George Wright, and Thomas Teasdale, for three horses and carts, 9s., conveying Rebel Prisoners from Carlisle to Penrith.

To the Inhabitants of Great Salkeld, £1 16s., for 10 horses and carts employed in January last in conveying the King's Baggage from Penrith to Carlisle.

14th Jany., 1747.

Mr. Richard Jackson, of Carlisle, £27 16s. 11½d. for his Bill of Disbursements for straw for the Rebels in

the Castle and Kill and for business done for the Publick about the march of the King's Troops and conveying of the Baggage.

To Henry Halstead, Sexton of the Parish of St. Mary's, Carlisle, 16s., for making the Graves of 16 Rebels who dyed in Carlisle 9th April 1746.

£12 10s. 6½d. For Leath Ward for the providing of Carts, etc., and To Coals and Candles for the Guard near the King's Baggage last year.

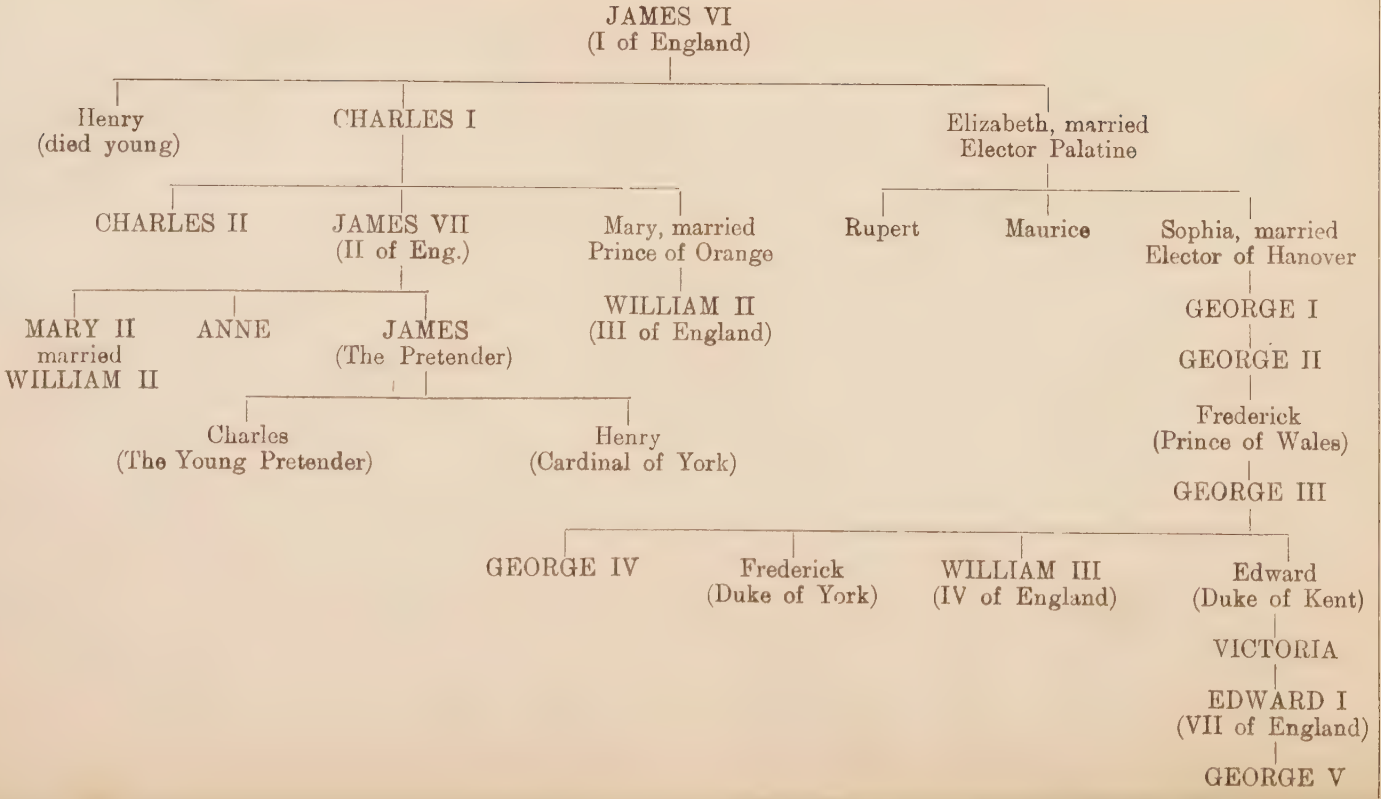
Paid to John Foster, 2 guineas for carrying, by order of the Justices, the address to his Majesty on the Battle of Culloden to all the other gentlemen of the County to be signed.

GENEALOGY OF PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART.

James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England was the common progenitor of the two families which so long fiercely contended for the throne of Great Britain. That monarch was succeeded, in 1625, by Charles I, who was beheaded twenty-four years afterwards. His son, Charles II, after the death of Cromwell, was placed on the British throne in the year 1660. Having died without issue, his brother, the Duke of York, under the title of James II, succeeded him in 1685. His reign, however, was but short; he was dethroned four years after mainly on account of his religion, and was compelled to leave the kingdom. His daughter Mary, with William, grandson of Charles I, then succeeded to the throne. After them Queen Anne, another daughter of James II, began to reign. She died without issue in the year 1714, leaving behind her a brother named James. This James being, of course, the son of James II, is well known in our national history as the Pretender or the Chevalier St. George. Like his father, James II, he was banished from the kingdom and

his various schemes fell to the ground. Amid all these insurrections the Parliament of the nation bestowed the crown on the nearest Protestant heir, George, Elector of Hanover, and great-grandson of James I. This monarch, styled George I, died in 1727, and was succeeded by his son, George II. In the meantime, James, the Chevalier St. George, had married Clementina, granddaughter of John Sobieski, the heroic King of Poland, by whom he had a son, Charles Edward, born in 1720, who eventually became the hero of the rebellion in 1745. The Chevalier had also another son, known in history as the Cardinal de York.

HOUSE OF STUART AND HOUSE OF HANOVER



INDEX

Aberdeen, 24, 198, 200
Adams, Major, 172
Aglionby, Henry, 67
Airgill Castle, 233
Annan, 160-1
—— Bridge, 160
Anne, Queen, 168
Appleby, 150
Arbuthnot, Sir John, 105, 133
Arkinholm, 42
Armstrong, William, of Castleton. 40-1
Arthuret, 159
Aubigny, Lieut.-General, 187

Backhouse, Major Joseph, 189
Backhouse, Mr., 98
Ballantine, Piper, 230
Bannockburn House, 192
Barnard Castle, 96, 111, 113
Barnes, Dr. Thomas, 83
Barra, 16
Barrock Fell, 105
Barrymore, Lord, 75
Belford, Col., 182, 183, 203, 212
Bennett, Rev. Israel, 101
Berwick, ——, 228
Berwick, 31
Billings, R. W., 215
Blackhall, 79, 171, 186
—— Farm, 55
Blight, Brigadier, 188
Bolton, Cumberland, 138
Boucher, Jack, 138
Bowes, Yorks., 96
Bowman, Robt., 83
Bland, General, 142, 150-1, 172, 175
Braithwaite, James, Saddler, 232
Brampton, 63, 65, 73, 77, 79, 81, 87, 98, 230, 271
Brand, Quartermaster, 48, 227
Breadalbane, Earl of, 19
Breakachy, 269
Brough, 114-115
Brown, James Walter, 214, 278
——, Col., 140
'Buckstone, The,' 25
Burgh-by-Sands, 249
Burn, Pulsford, 271
Burton, 124
Bury, Lord, 184
Butcherby (Botcherby), 79

Caddron Burn, 39
Cairn, River, 152
Callander House, 194
Cameron, of Lochiel, 143
Canonbie, 44, 152-3, 179-80
Capon Tree, The 231
Carr, Major Ronald N., 108
Cargo, 50
Carleton, 170
—— Moor, 170
Carlisle, 36, 42, 47, 56, 61, 63, 65, 68, 75, 77, 79, 80, 82, 90, 94-108, 112, 118, 129, 147, 151, 154, 156-163, 170-190, 210-11, 276
—— After the '45, 244-252
—— Blackfriars Street, 103
—— Blockade of, 80
—— Brow, 233
—— Castle, 53, 59, 86-7, 92-3, 156, 235
—— —— Lady's Walk, 60
—— Cathedral, 62, 210-11.
—— Earl of, 70, 76
—— English Street, 103, 155, 215
—— London Road, 81
—— Lonsdale Street, 82
—— S. Cuthbert's, 212
—— St. Mary's, 212
—— St. Nicholas, 50
—— Shaddongate, 50
—— Stanwix, 50, 157
—— —— Bank, 48, 83
—— Town Hall, 87
—— Warwick Road, 82
—— 'Yetts,' 242
Carron, River, 193
Carruthers, Bailie, 162
Castleton, 40
Caverton Hill, 36-7
Chadwick, —, 228
Chamberts, Robert, 167
Charles II, 126
Cheadle, 126

Chester, 211
Clanranald, 16
Clans, 21
Clayton, —, 218
Clerk, Sir John, 107
—— Lady, 107
Cliburn, 138
Clifton, 142, 145-51
—— Moor, 143
Cluny Castle, 273
Cluny, Lady, 273-4
Corby, 77
—— Castle, 74
Corstorphine, 24
Cockermouth, 233
Coldstream, 31
Conway, Colonel, 184-6
Cope, Sir John, 23, 24, 31
Coppock, Thomas, Mock Bishop, 224-5, 228
Cowper, John, 115
Creighton, John, 132, 189
Crosbie, Andrew, 166
Crosby on Eden, 152
Culgaith, 138
Culloden, 41, 114, 178, 199-205, 207-9, 222, 251, 273
—— Cairn of, 204
Cumberland, Duke of, 121, 124, 128, 147, 170, 172, 174, 178, 185, 190, 199, 203, 206, 211
Cumberland Quarter Sessions Minutes, 1746, Extracts, 279-81
Cumrew, 70
Cumwhitton, 154-5
Cunningham, Allan, 242

Dacre, Joseph, 97, 107
—— Rosemary, 107
'Dandie Dinmont,' 38 (note)
Davidson, of Charlieshope, a Farmer, 38
Davison, —, Grocer, 189, 221
Dawston Rig, 39
De Geoghegan, Dutch Officer, 184
Delard, Michael, 231
Dendermonde, 184
Denton Holme, Carlisle, 175
Derby, 128, 133-5, 224-5
Derwentwater, Lord, 74
Dettingen, 149
Dhu, Evan, 239
Douglas, Dr., 189
Dover, 126
Drawdykes, 49
Drove Road, The, 42, 153
Drumlanrig Castle, 168
Drummond, Lord John, 191, 193-4, 234
Drumossie, 201
Duddingston, 34
Dumfries, 46, 160-2, 164-9, 191
—— St. Michael Street, 161
Dunbar, 24
Duncan, Rev. George, 159
Dundee, 23
Dunkirk, 190
Durand, Col., 56-8, 76, 84-5, 89, 94-5, 111, 277

Eamont Bridge, 115, 117
Ecclefechan, 46, 227
Eden, River, 81, 138, 152, 245
Edinburgh, 23, 24, 26-7, 33, 42, 129, 162, 192, 196, 235
—— Canongate, 25
Edward I, 249
Elcho, Lord, 26, 115, 191
Elizabeth, Queen, 250-1
Elliot, —, 'Lion of Liddesdale,' 39
Eriskay, Island of, 16
Esk, River, 152-3, 158
'Ettrick Shepherd,' see Hogg, James
Ewald, 130
Ewing, Margaret, 98, 99

Falkirk, 191-9, 234
—— Battle of, 191-8
—— Muir, 193-4
Farrer, Major, 189
Ferneyhill Farm, 35
Ferrara Andrea, Sword Maker, 271
Flanders, 178
Fleming, Sir George, 106
Fleurs, 37
Flodden, 25

Folliot, General, 90 (note), 94
Fontenoy, 178
Ford of Trew, 23
Fort William, 19
Fotheringay, 249
Fraser, A., 275

Gallows Hill, Harraby, 106, 216, 242
Gardiner, Col., 30-1, 88
Gelt Road, The, 231
Genealogy of the House of Stuart, 284
—— of Prince Charles, 282-3
George II, 21, 34, 98, 128, 134, 169, 228
George IV, 107
'George and Dragon Inn,' Penrith, 116
'George Hotel,' Penrith, 116
Gilpin, Capt., 85, 90
Glasgow, 153-4, 191
Glenfinnan, 19
Glengarry, Earl of, 45
Glenriddle, 166
Gordon of Glenbucket, 50, 80, 115
Graham, —, Advocate, 226
—— Bailie, 162
—— —, Apothecary, 180
—— Sir James, 46
Grampians, 198
Greystoke, 112
Grinsdale, 50

Hackenthorpe, 142
Hadden, —, Author of 'Prince Charles Edward'
Hagiehaugh, 36
Hamilton, Capt. George, 148-9
—— Governor of Carlisle Castle, 105, 132, 157, 184, 187, 215, 220
—— Oliver, 74
Harraby, 79, 106, 216, 228
—— Hill, 81
Harrington, a Cobbler, 171
Harvey, John, 232
Hawick, 35-6
Hawley, General, 190, 192-4, 196, 235
Hay, John, 163
—— Capt., 223
Henry VIII, 238
Hesket, 170
Hetherington, G., 98
Hewitt, Francis, Merchant, 189
Hexham, 63, 233
Highmore, Charles, 102
—— House, 103
Hilson Family, 38 (note)
Hogg, James, 39, 208
Holm, 166
Holt, Valentine, 232
Holyrood, 33
Honeywood, Col., 146, 149
Hounam, 42
Howard, Sir Charles, 226
—— P. J. C., 271
—— Thomas, 74
Howgill Castle, 149
Hume, David, Historian, 242
Humphreys, Mary, 226
Hunt, Philip, 232
Huske, General, 194
Hutchinson, Wm., Historian of Cumberland, 231, 244, 246
Hutton, 112, 113
—— Hall, 113
—— in-the-Forest, 170

Innes, Col. James, 231
Inverness, 199, 201
Irthington, 83, 100
Irwin, Lord, 51, 112, 114

Jacobite Relics, 265-283
James II, 14
—— III, 97, 241
—— IV, 25
—— V, 26
Jedburgh, 37-8
Johnston, Mrs., Ploughlands, 45
Johnstone, Chevalier, 29, 150
Johnstone's, of Wamphray, 29

Kelly, George, 15
Kelso, 35-6, 38, 65

Kelso, Spittal, 35
Kendal, 109, 122, 134-6
—— Finkle Street, 135
Kennington Common, 222
Keppoch, 161
Ker, Lord Mark, 31
Kerr, Lord Robert, 235
—— Rev. R. H., 180
Kilmarnock, Countess of, 193
—— Lord, 119, 120
Kilpatrick, Lieut., 48
Kinmont Willie, 250
Kirkby Thore, 138
Kirkconnell, 169
Kirklinton, 152
—— Hall, 97, 107

Lally's Regiment, 140, 157
Lancaster, 109, 124, 211, 222
Langholm, 41-3, 152-3
Langside, Battle of, 249
Langwathby, 139
Larriston, 39
Latimer, David, 69
Lauder, 35
Lenox, Lieut.-General, 187
Lichfield, 179
Ligonier, General, 124, 194
Lindsay, Peter, 231
Linlithgow, 196
Linton, Samuel, 45
'Lion of Liddesdale,' see Elliot
Lloyd, Sir Richard, 218
Loch Tay, 19
Lochiel, 25, 161
Lochnanaugh, 16, 207
Lochrutton, 160-1
Loch Shiel, 19
London, 128-9, 190, 211, 219
Longtown, 44, 152, 158, 179
Lonsdale, Lord, 62, 117, 120
Lowry, —, 272
Lowther, 112, 142
—— Bridge, 117
—— Hall, 117, 119, 146
—— Sir James, 173
Lyon, Robert, 232

Macbean, Gillie, 205
Macclesfield, 126
Maccombich, Evan, 239
Macdonald, Æneas, 15
—— Capt., 106
—— Flora, 207, 237, 241
—— Sir John, 15
—— Major, 234-5, 237, 242, 271
—— Ronald, 17, 231
—— of Keppoch, 18
Mc.Dougall, 36
Mc.Dowall, Historian of Dumfries, 162
Macgillivray, 204
Macintoshes, The, 204
'MacIvor, Fergus,' Trial of, 234
Macphersons, of Cluny, 144
Maddox, Samuel, 219, 220
Mary, Queen, 168
Mc.Ghie, Dumfries Tradesman, 166
Mc.Vicar, 34
M'Alpin, Duncan, 272
Melmerby, 121
Meriac, Major, 172
Mersey, River, 126
Manchester, 124-6, 157, 224, 226
—— Regiment, 157, 189
Mary, Queen of Scots, 249
Maxwell, James, 169
Middlebie, 160
'Mock Bishop,' see Coppock, Thomas
Moidart, 15
—— Kinloch, 16, 17, 242
Morland, 138
Montagu, Duke of, 121
Montrose, 191, 198
Moorhouse, 49
Mounsey, George Gill, 68, 74, 159, 179
Moy Hall, 199
Murray, David, 45
—— Lord George, 25, 34-5, 72, 78, 109, 115, 126, 129, 144, 148, 156-7, 161, 193, 197-8, 203
—— Lachlan, 99-100

INDEX—*continued*

Nairn, 200, 202
—— Lady, 159
—— Lord, 79, 115, 161
Naworth Castle, 271
Netherby, 46, 152
Netherbow Port, 25
Nether Denton, 71
Newbiggin Hall, 108
Newcastle-on-Tyne, 34, 47, 54, 76, 132, 192, 222, 245
—— Duke of, 146
Nithsdale, 191
North British Railway, 177
Nunnery, 67

Ogilvie, Lord, 50, 80, 161
Orton, 138
—— Scaur, 138

Park, Thomas, 231
Pattinson, Thomas, 54, 63-4, 66, 189
Pearson, —, Town Clerk of Carlisle, 189
Pedigree of the Stuarts, 284
Peebles, 35
Penfold, Henry, F.S.A. (Scot.), 232
Penicuik, 107
Penrith, 51, 70, 109, 111-12, 114-116, 120, 137, 170, 232-3
—— Beacon, 137
—— Market Place, 121
—— Moat Hall, 121
Perth, 23
—— Duke of, 78, 80, 88, 115, 135, 161
Petrie, Rev. Robert, 179-80
Petteril, River, 81
Pitsligo, Lord, 161
Prescott, Chancellor, 213
Preston, 109, 124
—— Pans, 28-9, 32, 34, 46-7, 63, 114
Priest's Beck, 245
Primrose, Sir Archibald, 223
Prince Charles' Tutor, see Sheridan, Sir T.

Quebec, 206

Rashdall, Dean, 213
Rawcliffe (Rockcliffe), 52
Ray, James, Historian of Whitehaven, 117, 118, 173, 182, 228
Rebellion, '45, 181
Rebel Prisoners, 255-262
Rebels, Trial and Execution, 211-33
Richardson, Thomas, 114
Richmond, Lieut.-General, 187
Rickerby, Carlisle, 51
Riddell, Walter, 166
Riddings, 46, 152
—— Hall, 45
Robotham, John, 231
Rockcliffe, 49, 53
Roman Wall, 246
Rome, 19
Rowell, George, 99
Roxburghe, Duke of, 37

St. Sebastian, 236
St. Andrew, 274
Salkeld, —, of Whitehall, 190
Savage, Thomas, Quaker, 145, 148, 150
Scott, Daniel, 121 (note)
—— Rev. John, 165
—— Sir Walter, 28, 107, 234, 237
Scroope, Lord, 249
Selkirk, 35
Sewell, John, Solicitor, 176
Shap, 109, 138-9
Shepherd, Thomas, 123
Sheridan, Sir Thomas, 15, 196
Shian, 79
Simpson, Andrew, Butcher, 189
—— Thomas, 115
'Skippers Bridge,' 153
Skye, 207
Skyring, Mrs., 126
Slack, John, 136
Slee, Rev. John, 121
—— John, 121
Solway, The, 13
—— Firth, 153
Southwark, 217
South Uist, 16
Spey, River, 200

Stainmore, 96, 111
Stanhope, Earl, 126 (note)
Stewarts, of Appin, 20, 143
Stewart, Col., 81, 122, 148
Stirling, 193, 199
—— Castle, 192, 198
Stockport, 126
Stout, William, Executioner, 233
Strange, Sir John, 218
Strickland, Francis, 15
Stricklandgate, Kendal, 123
Sullivan, Capt. O., 15
Sunderland, John, 272
Swan, Andrew, 232

Tarras, 42
Taylor, Peter, 231
Temple Bar, 222
Temple Newsham, 113
Temple Sowerby, 138
Thrimby, 140
Tiffin, Joseph, 51
Toledo, 271
Townley, Col. Francis, 157, 187, 222
Tournay, 184
Tower of London, 128
Tranent, 31
Traquair, 27
—— Countess of, 28
Tullibardine, Marquis of, 15, 16, 50, 78-9, 161
Tullie, 105
—— House, 105
Tweed, The, 27

Upper Liddesdale, 39

Wade, Marshal, 34-5, 48, 54, 63, 82, 88, 120, 124, 129, 132, 177, 192, 245-6
Walker, Historian of Penrith, 116
Wardale, Rev. Mr., 127, 225
Warwick, Mrs., 74
—— Francis, 237, 271
—— Bridge, 76, 152
—— Hall, 73, 237, 271
Waterloo, 215
Watermillock, —, Executioner, 233
Wanchope Valley, 154
Waugh, Chancellor, 47, 63, 66, 96, 113, 162, 180, 211
Westminster, 173
Whita Hill, 42
Whitehall, 190
Whitehaven, 56-7, 79, 173, 175, 178, 183, 222, 277
Whitehead, Rev. Henry, 83, 100
'White Ox,' The, 232
Wigan, 124
Wolfe, Major, 206
Wood, Hon. F. Lindley, 113
Wooler, 36
Wright & Sons, Messrs. W., 103
Wynne, Mr. Sergeant, 218

'Yetts,' see Carlisle
York, 148
—— Hon. Mr., 218

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